

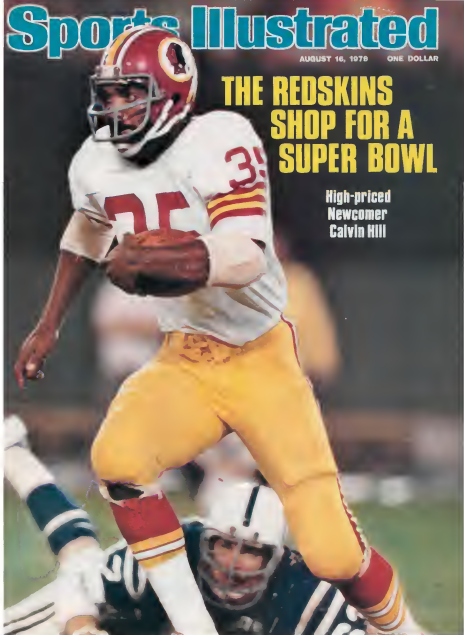
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 16, 1978

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Johnson & Johnson

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Next Week

NO LONGER A KID, Jack Nicklaus takes on all comers as he defends his PGA championship against such relative youngsters as Jerry Pate and such old rivals as Lee Trevino. Dan Jenkins reports from Congressional

JUST A TEEN-AGER, Albert King is the pride of Brooklyn basketball and the joy of college recruiters everywhere. Rick Telander tells how it all began in his remembrance of a prodigy and a ghetto King-maker.

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There are two sides to every Business Week reader.



This is the business side of Barc Morley

About the age when most young men are graduating from high school, Barc Morley was receiving his B.S. degree in Chemistry. A Ph.D. and a few years later, he joined Stauffer Chemical Company as Director of its Eastern Research Center. Within 12 years, he had become President and C.E.O. and a key part in making Stauffer's financial record one of the industry's best.

Stauffer (NYSE:PSE) reports 1975 sales of \$950-million and net earnings up 27% to

\$99-million. Expansion, diversification of product lines and long-range planning have contributed to Stauffer's record performance and a return on average stockholders equity of 21.7% for 1975. Barc Morley and his operating team know how to manage an aggressive, dynamic company. This requires a lot of industrial purchases—upwards of \$800-million—raw materials, machinery, insurance, professional services, office equipment and supplies, transportation.

When you're selling to companies like Stauffer it's good to have executives like Barc Morley on your side. One way is to advertise to their business side—in Business Week. In fact, advertisers run more pages of advertising in Business Week than in any other magazine.

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The newsworthy of business.

(For the other side of Barc Morley, see the other side of this page.)

**There are two sides
to every
Business Week
reader.**

A man with glasses and a light-colored sweater sits behind a white desk, leaning his head on his hand. The desk is cluttered with various items: a red ski boot, a hockey stick, a bottle of Jif mayonnaise, a black ribbon, a large metal pot or lid, several dice, a small figurine, and a small orange object. A large, stylized letter 'H' is visible on the left side of the desk.

In a country where golf and tennis are leading participant sports, curling ranks pretty far down the list of things to do. But for Barc Morley, the unusual is the norm. With a scientific background (Ph.D. in Chemistry) rather than one of the more traditional business backgrounds, he rose to President and C.E.O. of Stautler Chemical Company.

Curling, which requires panning and coaxing a 42 pound stone down the ice, exemplifies Morley's approach to his

But even Bark Morley can't count on year-round conditions for curling with the Nutmeg Curling Club on the sheets at the Danen Country Club. Comes the thaw he's either golfing or skipping his ketch "Seawitch"—and planning his next tack.

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Like all Chrysler built cars, Arrow is covered by a warranty so strong we call it "The Clincher."

Flow-through ventilation system helps keep the windows from fogging.

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NEW PLYMOUTH ARROW has some important points every economy car could learn from. First, Arrow prices start at \$3,175†. And that price includes extras you can't even order on Rabbit, Pinto, and Chevette. But if you want your Arrow packed with even more goodies, order an Arrow GS, priced at only \$3,383†. Or a fancy Arrow GT at \$3,748†.

And Arrow's gas economy is also something to boast about. That's why we put it in those big numbers at the right.

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And if you've ever listened to the radio in a four-cylinder economy car, you know the engine sometimes gets louder than the radio. Now comes Arrow's available Silent-Shift four-cylinder engine.

Talk about quiet, it's even quieter and smoother than a six-cylinder engine.

Just because Arrow is a little economy car, doesn't mean it has a little economy warranty. Read Arrow's warranty and you'll see what we mean: For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Corporation

dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage. You're only responsible for normal maintenance like changing filters and wiper blades. And a warranty this strong just has to be called "The Clincher."

Congratulations. You've just finished "A Lesson In Arrow-Dynamics." Now the test. Put down this book. Take out an Arrow at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer. You'll get the point we've been trying to make.

EPA ESTIMATES*
39 ^{MPG}
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1600 cc Arrow GT, 5-speed

Introducing Plymouth Arrow. What more can a little car give?



†Sticker price, excluding taxes and destination charges. Options on car pictured: wheel rings (\$32), cloth-and-vinyl seats and stripe (\$48).
*Your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, your car's condition, and its optional equipment. Call, mileage lower.

SCORECARD

Edited by COLES PHENIZY

IRONIC FOOTNOTE

Sport buffs who seek the ultimate in Olympic memorabilia should pick up a pair of the athletic shoes that the Hanover chain now sells under the brand name "Pony." On the underside of the tongue of many of Hanover's Ponies is a label that reads "Official Shoe of the Canadian Olympic Team." The inside of the heel is stamped "Made in Taiwan."

PRUDE JUDGMENT

Nudism has suffered another setback. A week before Nude Beach Day was celebrated throughout the land, the U.S. Court of Appeals in Boston upheld Federal Judge Frank Freedman, who earlier had sustained the Department of Interior's ban on skinny-dipping and basking in the buff at Cape Cod National Seashore Park. In their ruling the three judges opined that the liberties preserved under the Constitution "do not encompass the right to bathe nude."

In this day when audacity so clutters newsstands that it is hard to find a copy of *Outdoor Life* or *Mechanix Illustrated*, it would seem that this judgment is well behind the times. Although in spirit we dissent, in strict interpretation of the Constitution we find the decision without fault. The Constitution explicitly guarantees all people the right to bare arms, but it says nothing about the torso.

MAN'S SECOND-BEST FRIEND

The dog, commonly touted as man's best friend, is giving ground to the pig in Southern California. Under a five-year grant, Drs. Colin Bloor and T. M. Sanders of the University of California at San Diego are running pigs on treadmills to help assess the value of jogging to healthy humans as well as to postcardiac cases. Two groups of pigs are being tested, one perfectly sound and another in which heart damage has been induced. Although not much on speed (7:30 for the mile is tops), the short-legged porkers plug along, doing seven consecutive 12-minute miles in their hardest workouts.

As controls in the test there are two comparable groups of pigs that simply lounge around, eating when they want. Although the testing is far from over, Bloor and Sanders have found that the damaged heart of a running pig can be restored to greater capacity than that of a healthy, indolent one.

Why test pigs? Why not dogs, since they easily adapt to treadmills? Because in several important ways pigs are more like people, or vice versa. Whereas in proportion to body weight the vital capacity of a house dog well exceeds that of man, the pig's is about equal, and its heart is similar. Dogs are essentially carnivores, while as Frank White, research assistant on the project, puts it, "The eating habits of pigs and men are much alike." Furthermore, dogs are by nature runners; pigs and men are not. "Take a dog to the beach, and he will run and run," White points out, "but I haven't found a pig yet that will run on a beach, and I've tried running with a few."

ENTER THE D.S.M.

Just when all the baseball gags about designated hitters, designated bullpen catchers, designated managers and designated wives on road trips seem to be dying away, the Southern League has fashioned out of living flesh an even more fanciful creature: the designated substitute manager. Before each game now, to speed up play, Southern League teams must designate the eligible player, coach or player-coach who will take charge in the event the real manager is thumbed out.

MONEY IN THE AMATEUR

In the record field of 2,655 golfers who this weekend will be trying to qualify for 189 places in the U.S. Amateur Championship there are some interesting names from other games: Joel Horlen, former White Sox pitcher; Bob Falkenburg, 1948 Wimbledon champion; Jerry West of the Lakers; John Brodie of the '49ers. West and Falkenburg will have a rough time because they are competing

against 104 other golfers for seven places in the Greater Los Angeles area. The best bet of the stars is probably Brodie, a reinstated amateur who once toured as a pro. He will be one of 73 trying for five spots in Monterey, Calif.

Despite the presence of stars like West and Brodie, hunch players who bet on names are apt to be more attracted to an unsung 21-year-old entrant who will be trying to qualify at Solana Beach near San Diego. Teasing off at about 15-to-1 odds is an amateur named Monte Carlo Money. Honest. And he comes from Las Vegas.

ASHES TO ASHES

In the 21 Olympiads of the modern era there have been many unforgettable moments but few that have provoked more than a smile. If you think about it, there has not been an honest-to-God belly laugh in 80 years. We nominate herewith as the brightest sparks of all the Olympic flames those lark English sailors, Alan Warren and David Hunt, who



after doing wretchedly in the Tempest class in the Games just past, burned their boat on Lake Ontario.

Although Warren, the skipper of the luckless craft, is an undertaker by trade (in his own words, "a practitioner of the art of reducing solids to ashes"), he maintained at first that he had no hand in the burning. He claimed the fire started when his crewman, Hunt, a spurnaker, dropped a cigarette. Since the final, fateful race was sailed in 17-knot winds on slop-chop seas, there is no way the small,

continued



Will there come a time when it's just too costly to save a life?

There's no question that health care is better today than it was ten, five or even one year ago.

The problem is that while our medical capabilities—like specialized open heart surgery—have increased, their costs have also been increasing.

In the past ten years, for example, the total cost of an appendectomy has gone from a national average of \$599 to \$1,180. Having a baby has gone from \$425 to \$1,150.

Where will it all end? It's a problem we all share.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans, working in cooperation with doctors and hospitals across the country, have introduced programs designed to help slow these rapid rises in health care costs.

What we are doing to help stem rising health care costs.

Here are just a few cost-cutting programs now being offered by many Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans.

Some allow qualified patients to be discharged from the hospital sooner—so they can do more of their recuperating at home at far less cost.

Under another new program, many surgical patients scheduled for a hospital stay can have lab and X-ray tests done as outpatients. Instead of spending a \$130 day in the hospital waiting for test results, the patient can return home or even go back to work until the tests are in.

A third cost-cutting program is encouraging certain kinds of surgery to be performed on an outpatient basis. By getting it done on an "in by nine, out by five" basis, it's easier on the patients. And on the pocketbook, too.

We're also working with doctors' review committees to make sure that

the medical procedure and tests provided are really needed. It's a cooperative effort that's saving us all millions of dollars each year. And we're also working with various planning agencies to help make sure only needed services are available.

All of these are steps that can help hold down rising health care costs. Whether or not they will depends on the cooperation of each and every one of us.

What you can do to help.

The closer you watch every health care dollar, the less increase you may have in the rates you pay for health care coverage. Ask for—and use—the kind of cost-cutting programs we've described here.

Because only if doctors and hospitals realize that you are as vitally concerned as we are—and they are—will these programs be offered and used on a widespread basis.

You can also join the more than 90 million people who subscribe to not-for-profit Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans. We annually return over ninety cents of every dollar paid in for health care services, and won't cancel you because of a poor health record.

If you'd like more information about what we're doing to try to hold down costs, and what you can do to help, write Box 8008, Chicago, IL 60680 for our free booklet, "How All of Us Can Help Each of Us Hold Down Health Care Costs."

Together, we can prevent the day from coming when we can't even afford to save a human life.



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soaking-wet hull manned by Warren and Hunt could have burned to the waterline without prolonged exposure to a blow torch or some other elaborate assist. When the press twisted his arm and otherwise tried to wring the truth out of him, Skipper Warren confessed that the burning had been a deliberate coup de grâce.

Their Tempest hull was the oldest in the Games, the first to come off the mold of a now bankrupt English company eight years ago. Because they got their boat secondhand for a song, Warren and Hunt called her *Gift 'Orse*, and to goad her to glory, they glued a facsimile of a horsefly on her rear end. In the 1972 Olympics, Warren and Hunt won the silver medal aboard *Gift 'Orse*. This year, standing almost last with one race to go, they decided *Gift 'Orse's* time had come.

It was not an easy end. When Hunt ignited the charge of paint thinner they had planted in *Gift 'Orse's* forward buoyancy cell, it exploded violently, doing little damage. The second charge in the aft compartment in no time at all was putting out a massive plume of black, petro-chemical smoke, but still *Gift 'Orse* did not sink until the Canadian Coast Guard rammed her. "She was a great horse," Skipper Warren said in eulogy, "but old and very lame, so we had no choice but to put her down."

CHANGE OF VENUE

On July 14 Ogden Mills (Dinny) Phipps was named chairman of the board of the New York Racing Association at the age of 35. As if to celebrate the appointment, that afternoon his 2-year-old filly Squander won the \$38,625 Astoria Stakes at Aqueduct—but that was about the end of it for Phipps on home ground. Over the next 23 days horses owned by Phipps or members of his family won five stakes, but at Hollywood, Monmouth and Arlington Parks, none of which are under Dinny's jurisdiction.

Last Saturday Phipps' *Majestic Light* won the \$100,000 Monmouth Invitational in New Jersey and a few minutes later his *Effervescing* took the \$97,500 Round Table at Chicago's Arlington Park. But in New York, where Dinny's Intrepid Nero was entered in the \$81,375 Whitney Stakes at Saratoga, it rained and the horse was scratched.

Majestic Light is now the late-developing star of the 3-year-old season, having won \$250,000 since late June, but of his six 1976 wins only one has been in

New York. The moral of all this seems to be that a man who is without profit in his own camp should definitely try elsewhere. Phipps, however, is undeterred by the trend. Indeed, he will buck it by sending *Majestic Light* off in Saratoga's \$100,000 Travers a week hence.

TESTING 1-2-3 . . .

Spectators on the NASCAR circuit have come to expect a heady mix of the inevitable, the improbable and the impossible. In the Parolator 500 at Pocono Raceway two weeks ago they got it all in spades. King Richard Petty won as he so often does, and as it often has, the yellow caution flag came in and out like a frenetic margold. Betwixt the yellow and the green Petty and seven rivals traded the lead a record 48 times. In the process of finishing 24th and 25th (in itself unusual) Bobby Allison and Cale Yarborough set records that would be hard to beat if anyone cared to try.

When Yarborough blew an engine, his pit crew changed it in a NASCAR-record 33 minutes, 10 seconds. As for Allison and the Penske team for which he drives, they treated the crowd to a show that will be hard to match without resurrecting the Three Stooges. After pitting on the 45th lap for what seemed a routine change of the two outside tires, Allison bolted away under a yellow caution. As he came out of the first turn, boiling along at a mere 90 mph, the two inside wheels, which had not been changed, rolled off the car.

Allison had been done in by technology. Whereas in olden times drivers got their signals from pit boards, Allison had been told by malfunctioning radio to come in for a tire change. While two crewmen changed the right side, another had taken the lug nuts off the other wheels. But having failed to get the radio message, and thinking it was only a two-wheel change, when the jack lowered the right side of the car, Allison took off. In the Penske pit hereafter, you can bet your boots there will be a fallible human who waves his hand to send the driver off.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Borrowing heavily on what he teaches, five years ago Dr. Ralph Anspach, an economics professor at San Francisco State, invented a parlor game in which players try to break corporate strangleholds and restore competition in an imaginary mar-

ket. It sounds too complicated to be fun, but then who ever thought that *Monopoly*, the game where people spend phony money to build small wooden hotels in Atlantic City, would last as it has? In trial runs the only thing that proved confusing about Anspach's little game was its name: *Bust the Trust: the Anti-Monopoly Game*. Too many folks, forgetting what they had learned as kids about Teddy Roosevelt and the Robber Barons, thought busting trusts had something to do with bank heists.

After reversing the name to read, *Anti-Monopoly: the Bust the Trust Game*, Anspach sold 74,000 sets in 1974 and 200,000 last year, and that brought him face to face with a corporate giant, General Mills. Although better known for its Wheaties and Bisquick, General Mills also owns *Monopoly*, which is still a hot-selling parlor game. Although the games are not much alike, General Mills thought—and still thinks—the name Anspach chose infringed on its *Monopoly* trademark. After a little preliminary sparring, Anspach led off by charging General Mills with conspiracy to suppress competition. General Mills then socked Anspach with a suit claiming trademark infringement. Anspach countered with a suit denying infringement and challenging General Mills' right to the trademark in the first place.

Because Anspach is an expert on monopolies, it would seem the fight is right up his alley, but he has found that in a rough scrap against a talented superheavy like General Mills a man needs a lot more than a choice of allies. *Anti-Monopoly* is selling better than ever this year, but Anspach's legal fees are eating up the profits. He expects to win and extract one lasting benefit. "I am learning facts in real life," he says, "that will be very helpful in the classroom."

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Lilly, former Cowboy Lineman, discussing the mystique of Coach Tom Landry: "Tom's coaching isn't so hard to learn. What's hard is to believe it."
- Bill Veeck, White Sox owner, describing Dodger Owner Walter O'Malley: "He's the only man I know Dale Carnegie would hit in the mouth."
- Bob Newhart, the comedian, remembering his high school football: "I wasn't much good. When I went onto the line on a fake, I would holler, 'I don't have it.'"

More More what?

More of the good things
that so many cigarette
smokers are going for:

The long lean burnished
brown look.

The smooth easy draw.

The slower-burning
smoke that gives you more
puffs for your money, more
time for enjoyment.

More what? More of a
cigarette. That's what.



More. The smooth 120mm taste.

Warning - The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 21 mg. "tar", 15 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL 21 mg. "tar", 16 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.



Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 16, 1979

Baseball's second-place teams are begging for a miracle

BEGGING FOR A MIRACLE

Like Pittsburgh's Frank Toveras, players on all four of baseball's second-place teams have been driven to their knees by lopsided division races. Will they be able to get back up? It's possible **by Ron Fimrite**



CONTINUED

When advised by various experts and doomsayers that their baseball teams are dead and buried as pennant contenders, Pittsburgh Manager Danny Murtaugh and his Los Angeles counterpart, Walter Alton, react much as Mark Twain did upon reading his own obituary. "The report of my death," Twain protested in a cable to a New York newspaper, "was an exaggeration." So, say Murtaugh and Alton, are all those newspaper stories consigning the Pirates and the Dodgers to oblivion. The two managers are right—to a point. Their teams remain ambulatory, although the prospects for their continued survival do not appear all that favorable.

At least the Pirates and the Dodgers are in good company, because as of last weekend the divisional races in both major leagues were almost farcically uneven. In the National, Los Angeles trailed Cincinnati by 13 games in the West and Pittsburgh was 14 in arrears of Philadelphia in the East. In the American League West, Oakland was 10 back of Kansas City, and in the East, Baltimore was nine games behind New York. If the hares continue to outdistance the tortoises, September, traditionally the month of pennant fever, will be about as exciting for baseball fans as January. And without the suggestion of a pennant race, attendance, which has

been up almost 10% throughout this booming season, may tail off dramatically, a matter of no small concern to club owners and league presidents.

Consider, too, how the mighty have fallen. All of the second-place teams are champions of recent vintage, while among the front-runners only the Reds, the incumbent world champions, enjoy such distinction. The Phillies have not won a pennant since the Whiz Kids of 1950, the once-dominant Yankees have not had a championship since '64 and the Royals have never finished higher than second in their seven-season history. Has the torch been passed on to a new generation? Perhaps, but those old champs, Murtaugh and Alton—and Twain, for that matter—might caution the new fellows against premature chicken-counting. There have been enough Garrison finishes in baseball history to lift the spirits of the gloomiest fatalist, let alone someone like Manager Chuck Tanner of Oakland, who subscribes to the notion championed by the much-abused Dr. Pangloss that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

"In baseball you count on the unpredictable," said Murtaugh last week, rummaging in his office rocking chair. "I've seen too many things happen in this game."

"It was before I got there," said Alton with a sly smile, "but I seem to recall a Brooklyn team blowing a big lead a few years ago."

He was referring, of course, to the 1951 Dodgers, who led the Giants by 13½ games as late as Aug. 11. That imposing advantage soon disintegrated, as even the most callow of fans must know, and the two teams finished the regular season in a tie. Then with the Dodgers leading 4-2 in the third and final playoff game, the Giants' Bobby Thomson batted against Ralph Branca in the bottom of the ninth with one out, Clint Hartung on third and Whitey Lockman on second. Ah, but let us summon up the words of Announcer Russ Hodges: "Branca throws. . . There's a long fly. . . It's gonna be. . . I believe—the Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant!"

The "Miracle at Coogan's Bluff" with its "shot heard around the world" is but one moment in the game's history to bolster the faint of heart. Many years ear-



Stargell's life and season were almost derailed

lier, in 1914, the Miracle Braves of Manager George Stallings climbed from last place in the National League on July 18 to first, then on to a clean sweep of Connie Mack's Philadelphia A's in the World Series. The Series-winning Mets of 1969 were in third place 9½ games back as late as Aug. 13. And the National League champion Mets of 1973 were 11½ back and in last place in the Eastern Division on Aug. 5. For a classic streak in reverse, the 1964 Phillies will be hard to bottom. With only 12 games remaining on Sept. 20, they were cinch winners, 6½ games ahead of the pack. Kerplunk! They lost 10 games in succession, and the Cardinals won the pennant.

So hope should spring eternal, particularly in the National League, where almost all the miraculous finishes have occurred. But last week the Pirates and the Dodgers could only slog along behind their mercurial antagonists. Were they adjusting to the discomforts of second-place citizenship or, in defiance of the odds, holding out for miracles? Ballplayers are practical sorts, not much given to wool gathering, but pride often stands in the way of logic. The proudest of all the Pirates is Willie Stargell, the urbane first baseman whose bearded face



Pirate surrender? Not a chance, claims Murtaugh

and rumbling voice call to mind Paul Robeson as Othello.

The Shakespearean allusion is not inappropriate here, because Stargell endured what could have been a personal tragedy this year. One night early in the season he and his wife Dolores were watching television when she complained of a severe headache. After the pain grew worse, Stargell rushed her to the hospital, where she nearly died of a combination of a blood clot, an aneurysm and a stroke. Mrs. Stargell is expected to make a complete recovery, but the crisis naturally affected her husband's performance on the playing field. Stargell's totals of home runs (15) and runs batted in (50) are not what they might be, and because he is ever the professional, he is displeased with himself. Certainly no one else faults him for being somewhat distracted when he is in uniform.

Stargell has a keen sense of metaphor, which he employs to describe his ordeal. "Life is like a train," he says. "You expect delays from time to time, but not a derailment, and a derailment's what we had. It happened so quick and without warning. It was something I had never had to deal with before. I came close to losing my wife. I haven't been producing this season—I've got to be man enough to admit that—because I've had to make myself think about doing things that I had always done naturally. The other day I dropped a ball at first base because I didn't think that ball into the mitt."

With his wife recovering, Stargell is prepared for an all-out stretch drive against the powerful Phillies. "I'm not happy about the fact we're so far behind," he says. "Nobody likes to lose, but what do you do? Do you just tuck in your tail, or is it worthwhile to grind? I know it's worthwhile to grind. When you come up short it shouldn't be because you didn't give your best. It's like a guy trapped in a mine. When he finally sees that light, does he stop digging?"

Stargell is indisputably a digger, and so are most of his teammates, notably Frank Taveras, a shortstop who hit only .212 last year. He is over .250 now and is tied for the league lead in stolen bases with 37, an accomplishment so unexpected from a member of the largely immobile Pirates that he has been awarded the nickname Pittsburgh Stealer. Other outstanding Pirates are Al Oliver, who has been among the batting leaders all season

continued

HOW FAR BEHIND IS TOO FAR BEHIND?

History shows that this season's second-place teams still have a chance of winning though each would need a comeback equal to baseball's most dramatic to do it. The most extraordinary pennant drive was pulled off by the 1974 Miracle Braves, who rallied from eighth and last place, 15 games behind, on July 4. It should be a source of encouragement in Baltimore, Los Angeles, Oakland and Pittsburgh that the seven other most startling comebacks began in August and that miracle finishes have occurred most often in recent seasons. In fact, four have happened in the past 12 years.

1939 CUBS trailed the Pirates by eight games on Aug. 20. Chicago then won 30 of 42 while Pittsburgh went 20-24. The Cubs were still second when they opened a season-ending series with the Pirates at Wrigley Field. Chicago won all three games. In the second victory, which gave the Cubs the league lead, Player-Manager Gabby Hornsby hit his two-out, ninth-inning Homer in the Gloamin' to clinch a 6-5 win. During the surge Stan Hack batted .358 and Pitchers Bill Lee and Clay Bryant won 16 of 19 decisions.

1942 CARDINALS, 9½ behind the Dodgers on Aug. 15, ran off a 37-6 streak to take the pennant, though Brooklyn won 25 of its last 42. The Cards' most dramatic victory came on Sept. 17 in Boston. Down 3-1 with two on in the ninth, Billy Southworth had decided to pinch-hit with Ken D'Dea when Johnny Hopp, the runner on second, waved his manager onto the field and advised him to use Ray Sanders instead. Sanders singled in a run, D'Dea followed with an RBI bunt and Enos Slaughter drove in the winner with a single.

1951 GIANTS were 13½ back of the Dodgers after Brooklyn's win in the opener of an Aug. 11 doubleheader. Then, led by Monte Irvin (35 RBIs) and Bobby Thomson (.386, 10 homers, 30 RBIs), New York won in a 39-8 tear—Brooklyn was 27-24—and tied for first at the season's end. The teams split the first two playoff games, and the Dodgers led 4-1 going into the last of the ninth of the deciding contest. The Giants got a run on Whitey Lockman's double before Thomson hit Ralph Branca's pitch for a three-run, pennant-winning homer.

1964 CARDINALS stood fourth, 11 games behind Philadelphia, on Aug. 24. St. Louis won 28 of 39 thereafter, but the race really was decided in the final two weeks when the Phils lost 10 in a row. Three of the defeats came on Sept. 28-30 in St. Louis when the Cards took the lead. The story of St. Louis' win was the August firing of G.M. Bing Devine, who shortly before had traded for Lou Brock and called up reliever Barney Schultz. Brock hit .348 as a Card, and Schultz pitched in seven of the last nine games, allowing no runs.

1969 METS trailed the Cubs by 9½ on Aug. 13, then took 38 of 49 to win by an astounding eight games. New York all but clinched the title by beating Chicago (19-27 down the stretch) two straight in September, but three other victories better demonstrated the Mets' invincibility. On Sept. 15 Cardinal Steve Carlton set a record by fanning 19 Mets and still lost to Ron Swoboda hit two two-run homers. Later the Mets swept a doubleheader when Pitchers Don Cardwell and Jerry Koosman helped themselves to 3-0 wins by driving in the only runs.

1973 METS, 11½ out on Aug. 5 and last as late as Aug. 30, won 34 of their final 53. During a key September series with the Pirates, New York took four of five. In the first win, the Mets scored five runs in the ninth to overcome a 4-1 deficit. Two nights later, the teams were tied when Pittsburgh put two on with two out. Dave Augustine's drive to left hit on top of the wall, but instead of bouncing over for a homer, kicked back to Cleon Jones. He threw to Wayne Garrett, whose relay cut down Richie Zisk at the plate.

1974 ORIOLES were eight back of Boston on Aug. 29 when they began a 27-6 run and the Sox started a 12-21 slump. Included in the Birds' surge was a 10-game win string, during which their pitchers had five shut-outs, and a three-game, mid-September sweep in New York, after the Yanks had moved 2½ in front. Thereafter, Baltimore held on with almost daily heroics. Paul Blair's back-to-the-plate catch in center ended one win, Boog Powell's single capped a 17-inning victory and Bob Diver's squibber drove in the only run in another 17-inning affair.



Reggie Smith evinces Dodger disgust over defeat

REGGING FOR A MIRACLE *continued*

son, 33-year-old Bill Robinson, who has emerged with 18 homers and a batting average near .320 after eight years of mostly warming benches; and Jim Rooker, an outspoken pitcher.

But when a team seems to be fading from contention with each passing day, the digging becomes a bit more difficult for the less resourceful players. Those few who are content merely to go through the motions infuriate a competitor as fierce as Rooker. After winning his ninth game of the season, a tidy six-hit, 2-1 effort over St. Louis one night last week, Rooker unburdened himself of a few "honest opinions."

The Phillies, he said, "are not uncatchable. And yet I've heard other players around here saying, 'The season's over, let's play for ourselves.' That's selfish, and I don't believe it's fair. It's disappointing, discouraging and frustrating—yes, all of those things—to be on a team with so much talent and be so far out. I just don't believe the Phillies are 13 games better than we are. But they're playing fundamental baseball, and we haven't been. I'll be the first to admit our pitching is not as good as it should be, but our hitting has been worse. And our defense

sinks. We've never been known for defense. We're an offensive club, and this year 'offensive' can be taken two ways.

"We're still playing the old Pirate brand of baseball—wait for the big inning—but the power hasn't been there. Taveras has helped because of his running, but he's the only one doing it. The trouble is, we have the same atmosphere around here, win or lose. You never see guys at each other's throats, no hot words or any of that. We all get along well, and I like that. There are no boys on this club, only men, but I think we need to be a little more emotional. We need somebody to psych us up. That's why I admire Pete Rose so much. He gets people fired up. We could use a firebrand like that. The Reds have great team enthusiasm. We just don't have it here. I'm not saying the team is down. But there are always individuals who get down, and that attitude can be contagious. We're not out of this race yet, but we've got to start putting out 110%."

The Pirates might be able to muscle back into the race by merely getting 100% normal performances during the last two months of the season from Richie Hebner, who is hitting only .226, Rennie Stennett, who has a .266 average; Manny Sanguillen, who has driven in just 26 runs; Dave Parker, who had 25 homers last year and has seven this season; and Reliever Dave Giusti, who is just rounding into shape after being out with an injury. The other second-place teams can all produce similar hugs—Dave Lopes' injuries and .231 average for Los Angeles, Vida Blue's 9-10 record for Oakland and Mike Cuellar's 5.06 ERA for Baltimore are a few examples—and they constitute a major source for hope in such dreary situations. But hope will have to be converted in happenings in the very near future, or even hope will be gone.

It might be thought that players who are enduring individually subpar seasons while playing for teams far from the lead have already given up. Murtaugh rejects any such idea. His bulldog countenance folds into a scowl at the suggestion that a player may simply be putting in his time. "I have never seen a major league player give up. I've never seen a hitter who didn't try to get a hit. I've never seen an infielder who didn't try to catch the ball. I've never seen a pitcher who didn't try to get everybody out. No club

in baseball gives up the chase until it is mathematically eliminated. In the past we've been the chaser, now we're the chaser. That's the difference." The rocking chair squeaked furiously.

When a team is the chaser and a trifle down on its luck (Murtaugh also thinks luck is overemphasized), strange and unpleasant things frequently happen to it. In a recent game against Montreal, Stargell hit a ninth-inning line drive that seemed certain to bounce between the outfielders for a double. Instead, it hit Umpire Billy Williams and ricocheted into the glove of the second baseman, who threw Stargell out at first. The next batter got the hit that would have tied the game. The Pirates ended up losing 7-6.

The Dodgers were not without frustrations of their own last week. Trailing by nine, they met Cincinnati in a four-game series at Dodger Stadium. A Los Angeles sweep would have put the team within reach of the top. Instead, the Dodgers lost all four and found themselves looking up from a still deeper hole. Even Righthander Rick Rhoden, who was unbeaten after nine decisions, lost 7-4 to the Reds. "The minimum we



Rhoden was 9-0 till Cincy beat him last week

wanted was three wins," said Lopes after the Reds had won the first two games. "You have to beat the team you're chasing. It's that simple."

"I hate to see the importance of these games magnified so early," said First Baseman Steve Garvey. "It's a little hard to start your finishing kick in August, but we have to put some pressure on the Reds. As professionals we can't allow ourselves to get too discouraged. We know exactly what we have to do and that we have to do it ourselves. We'll just have to make this thing as exciting as possible."

"You know why this series became so important?" said Pitcher Don Sutton. "Because we screwed up earlier. I really object to placing so much value on one four-game series. The games you win and lose in April are as important as those in September. But a lot of things can happen with 50 or so games to play. It's not time for us to pack up and plan our winter vacations yet. We're paid well to do a job. Where we are in the standings shouldn't make any difference in how we play. That doesn't change my job one bit. My sole purpose is to make it as tough as possible for the opposition to score. My self-interest and the team's interests are synonymous. That's true of any pitcher. I sometimes think it would be easier if none of us knew where we were in the standings. Maybe they could just tell us at the end of the year."

Though they insist they are not scoreboard-watchers, the Dodgers and the Pirates, the Orioles and the A's cannot help but lift their gaze to the increasingly confident fellows on the next rung up the ladder. The pressure is now on the second-place clubs to improve their station. Time is not an ally.

"If we can play .750 baseball and the Phillies play .500, we can catch them," says Giusti. That seems a fairly accurate calculation. The Miracle Braves won 34 of 44 games during one span in their climb from last to first. And it may not be necessary for any of this season's challengers to get quite that hot—at least not until some crucial games in September. It is a baseball axiom that, unless the team ahead of you collapses, the best you can do by improving your own play is gain one game in the standings per week. With eight weeks to go in the regular season, the four second-place clubs are all out of

time according to that schedule—but not by much. And each of them has five or six games against its division leader next month. If the Pirates, Dodgers, A's and Orioles can chip away at the games-behind column in the four weeks ahead, then those September series will offer them an opportunity to win their divisions in head-to-head battles. Just that sort of thing has happened four times in the past 12 seasons. After all, it does not matter who is in first until the last day of the season. The fold-up Phillies of 1964 were in the lead for a total of 134 days; the pennant-winning Cardinals were there for six. The 1969 Cubs were first for 154 consecutive days, but they were not there at the finish.

What seems to be indicated for all the contenders are a few more games like the one the Pirates played against the Cardinals last week. Behind 1-0 with two outs in the ninth, Pittsburgh tied the game on Bob Robertson's broken-bat single that scored Robinson, who had led off the inning with a hit. Giusti, a loser the night before, snuffed out a Cardinal rally in the top of the 12th, then led off the bottom of the inning by drawing a walk from St. Louis Pitcher Mike Wallace. Stennett's attempted sacrifice forced Giusti, but he atoned for the gaffe by stealing second to keep the scoring possibility alive. He advanced to third as Tommy Helms rolled a single into short left. When Parker grounded sharply to Shortstop Don Kessinger, who was drawn in to cut off the run, Stennett broke for the plate. Kessinger's throw to Catcher Joe Ferguson was at eye level, and Stennett slid under the tag for the winning run.

The modest crowd of 8,426 cheered robustly. Their Pirates, their not-always-beloved Bucs, had gotten through another day without losing more ground to the Phillies. They had scored only six runs in their last five games, but they had won two of them. The once-feared Lumber Company seemed now to be in the business of manufacturing toothpicks.

Murtaugh rocked away in his office after the fine extra-inning effort. He was savoring it, possibly commending himself for his tactical genius in the face of increasing odds. But he still seemed troubled by the pregame suggestion that some of his players already might have set this season aside and begun playing for next year's salary increase. He rocked



Alston's source for optimism? Dodgers' '51 fold

back and forth, the chair's squeaks the only sound in the room. "Now there," he finally said, "is precisely the kind of game I had in mind. You could see we haven't given up. That kind of game tells you everything." Indeed, reports of the Pirates' death had been exaggerated, at least for the moment.

END

Garvey: "We have to put pressure on the Reds."





HE TAKES HIS VERY DRY, IF YOU PLEASE

There's many a slip for one known for lip, as Dwight Stones learned in Montreal's rain, but four days later he was the toast of the town with a world record in Philly

by Kenny Moore

Dwight Stones stood on the crisp green AstroTurf crown of Philadelphia's Franklin Field, his eyes tracing the approach he would take to the high-jump bar. He was appearing in last Wednesday's Bicentennial Meet of Champions, which gave him and some of the other Olympians who failed in Montreal an opportunity to redeem themselves, and several Americans who did not make the team because of injury a chance to show their prowess. Stones looked down and began to rock, and the crowd grew still, save for the gravelly shouts of soft-drink

vendors. Abruptly Stones ran at the put, curling to the left on his last two steps, and jumped. He touched the bar lightly, but as he crumpled onto the landing cushion he knew that it had held, that he had raised his own world record to 7' 7/8". He came to his feet on the bouncy foam, seeming to quiver along with the gently dancing bar—and regarded it for an instant with rigid exasperation.

Moments later Stones was speaking rapidly, as is his manner, saying he was overjoyed to jump so well only four days after settling for the bronze medal in the

rain at Montreal, that the Franklin Field jumping area with its slightly downhill approach and firm footing was ideal for him, that he wanted to thank everyone who had cheered him on after his Olympic misfortune. Yet the memory of the look in his eyes—clearly one of agony—lingered after the torrent of Stones' words had passed.

Understand this. Dwight Stones lost in Montreal only because of the rain, technique, not emotion, had tripped him up. Stones has jumped higher than any other human not because his legs are the springiest but because he has developed the ability to transform forward speed into upward motion better than anyone else. Where another jumper will approach the bar slowly and leap up, his thrusting foot acting merely as a launch pad, Stones charges the bar, turning his jumping foot into a pivot that must take great lateral stress without slipping. "My style just won't hold in the rain," he said. "I go too fast and have too much torque."

So if Stones proved anything with his world record in Philadelphia—the site of his 7 1/2 in June—it was something about the capricious nature of Olympic success. “I could have done this last Saturday,” he said. Having done it on Wednesday instead seemed only to intensify the sense of injustice.

“There is no justice in sport,” said Dick Quax of New Zealand, who had run second behind Lasse Viren in the Olympic 5,000 meters. Weakened then by stomach flu, Quax was healthy for the Philadelphia two-mile, while Viren had to be tired; he had won the 5- and 10,000 and finished fifth in the Olympic marathon all in a span of less than a week. Yet the Finn insisted he was ready. “My legs are fine,” he said. “I just ran out of energy in the marathon.” Quax was disbelieving. “If I don’t beat him tonight, I’ll shoot myself.”

After Phil Kane of Villanova took the field through three laps, Quax went to the fore and hit the mile in 4:08.5, six laps in 6:15.6. By then just two men were with him, Viren and Duncan Macdonald, the Honolulu medical student who had not made the Olympic 5,000 final. Feeling the pace ease, Macdonald went ahead, only to be passed by Viren with 600 meters to go. As in Montreal the Finn was in front going into the last lap, resisting the best efforts of the fast finishers. But this time Quax had too much, bursting past down the backstretch and sprinting home in 8:17.1, 3.3 seconds off the world record. Macdonald passed Viren with a furlong remaining to take second in 8:19.9, a remarkable 28-second improvement over his previous best. “Is that a good two-mile?” asked the relatively inexperienced Macdonald. Told that it was only 2.7 seconds away from Marty Liquori’s American record, his eyes widened. “If I had known I was that close, I’d have kicked a little harder.”

Quax is a man experienced in adversity. He is running well after surgery cured painful shin splints that plagued him for years. “You can’t ever compensate for a disappointing Olympic performance,” he said. “As the years pass, the silver medal will probably be cause for some satisfaction, but beating Viren tonight, after all he’s been through, certainly doesn’t change much.” Viren offered no public excuses, but a delay—after the runners were at the starting line—probably did Viren in. “I was warm

and ready,” he said. “But then we had to stand and chill.”

Steve Williams and Houston McTeer could have used a delay of another month or so. In the 100 meters—won in 10.24 by Steve Riddick, who had failed to make the Olympic final—Williams and McTeer showed that, had U.S. coaches entered them at Montreal, they would not have been factors. McTeer aggravated a thigh injury incurred in the Trials on the second of two false starts and withdrew. Williams started effectively, but at 20 meters felt “a little pop” high in his right hamstring muscle. “It wasn’t a pull, so I continued,” he said, but he did so in an awkward, leaning fashion to finish fourth. “I ain’t going to die, I’ve had my death for the year,” said Williams later.

Until now Williams has been inspiring in his acceptance of misfortune, but with this latest frustration he said, “I think I could have played on the beach and only practiced my starts and won the Games in 10.0 and 20.1. Instead, I moved to Florida for coaching and worked hard, trying for a 9.8 and 19.6 kind of human excellence. I’ll never make that sacrifice for athletics again.”

The Philadelphia meet had been assembled around a “Dream Mile” featuring world record holder (3:49.4) and Olympic 1,500-meter champion John Walker. But the New Zealander’s thoughts on a late-morning run were anything but dreamy. “I wasn’t allowed to change out of my wet things for hours after the Olympic final, and I caught some sort of flu,” he said. “I’ve been living on antibiotics for three days and haven’t trained at all.” After just three miles, Walker asked a companion running with him if they might walk.

“If I was your coach,” said the friend, “you would not be racing.”

“I know,” said Walker. “But once I make a commitment, I keep that commitment and run. I’ll say this, though, if Eamonn Coghlan and rest ever want to beat me, it had better be tonight.”

Had he been healthy, Walker would have led, if only to appease those who felt he hadn’t displayed his full talent in the tactical Olympic final. Now he was grateful that the pack ignored Byron Dye’s early foot and passed the half mile in a leisurely 2:01.8. Seeking to save ground on the curves, Walker ran on the inside, but as Coghlan took the lead near the end of the third lap, the New Zea-

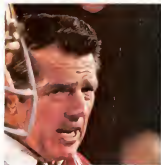
lander was boxed by Liquori and Thomas Wessinghage of West Germany. It did not help that Walker also stepped on the yellow metal curb that separated the runners from the shorter inside lanes. He took a couple of steps near the curb to steady himself before regaining the track. As he did, he brushed Liquori, who interpreted the contact as a request to move out and ignored it. Going into the first turn of the final lap Walker dropped back slightly and gestured to Wessinghage to give him a little room. Wessinghage did, and Walker moved to the outside, catching Liquori’s spike on his knee. The American pitched off balance, taking Wessinghage down as well with a wholly unintentional cross body block.

“My first thought was that I’d tripped Walker,” said Liquori later. “I thought ‘Oh no, I’ve ruined the race.’” But the only ruin was his own and Wessinghage’s chances, as Walker stayed on his feet, got by Olympic 1,500-meter bronze medalist Paul-Heinz Wellmann of West Germany on the final turn and won by two feet in 3:56.2. Another yard back in third was Kiri Rod Dixon. Liquori, who missed both the Montreal and Munich Olympics with injuries, was once again the victim of miserable luck. But asked if at any time he thought he could win the race, he answered quickly, “No.”

After the race Walker walked with Liquori to a party on the Penn campus. “People like to see one or two athletes fall,” said Walker lightly. “It puts some character into a race.” Liquori flashed a small smile of forgiveness. As they came to a low brick wall beside the stadium entrance, they saw Dwight Stones in a pool of lamplight, still in his sweat-soaked, tentatively giving autographs, ruffling his hair into place to pose for snapshots, accepting long kisses from shapely admirers.

The milers passed on and Stones continued, taping his lower lip in concentration as he signed one last T-shirt. “Are we all done?” he said into the darkness as the fans drifted away. “In the last four days I’ve learned a lot. I can’t escape the feeling that there was a reason why it rained on my parade in Montreal. It’s inner, personal, emotional. I can’t explain it.” Stones’ face was full of the yearning of a wildfowl man to have everything go right. It didn’t, once, but though an untimely rain may have diminished the historian’s view of his career, it had not changed the man at all.

END



Spending with both hands, Washington's George Allen cornered the free-agent market, but Calvin Hill and John Riggins may not have a line to clear their way

WILL THE PAYOFF MEAN A PLAYOFF?

by Robert F. Jones

It was a real test of character," says George Allen. "We had nothing to gain." The nasal voice, which has to rate as one of the most effective psychological-warfare weapons of modern times, grows husky with emotion. The darting eyes stop and cloud with what seem to be tears. The knuckles whiten; the jaw grinds. "I haven't gotten over it yet."

George Allen is reliving, as he has a thousand times, his team's humiliating 26-3 defeat at the hands of the lowly Philadelphia Eagles in the final game of the 1975 season. According to the Georgian philosophy, the mark of a truly great team—and of course its coach—comes at those moments when all is truly lost. Excellence at such a time indicates real courage, real talent, untainted by crass considerations of Super Bowl success and money. And certainly the Washington Redskins had nothing crass to gain on that snowy December Sunday in Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium. Dallas had bumped them out of the playoffs just a week earlier, 31-10, and for the first time in the five years since George Allen had arrived, there would be no postseason for the Redskins. It was just the right moment, by Allen's standards, to light the torch for tomorrow. Instead, the Redskins fizzled. "I made up my mind right then," he says, gesturing at a blackboard

full of new Redskin names. "to do all of this."

"All of this" means the four very expensive free agents Allen signed during the off-season when he raided Owner Edward Bennett Williams' checkbook again in a blatant attempt to buy a Super Bowl championship for the Redskins. For an estimated \$1,500,000, spread over a 15-year period, Allen acquired Fullback John Riggins of New York Jets and Mohawk haircut fame. For some \$135,000 a season he picked up Halfback Calvin Hill, the Dallas Cowboy who turned Hawaiian during last year's World Football League misadventure. For something between \$70,000 and \$90,000 he added Tight End Jean Fugest, who played out his Cowboy option while catching 38 passes last season. And for a mere \$50,000 to \$60,000 more he took former Heisman Trophy winner Pat Sullivan off the Atlanta Falcons' bench, where he had been cooling his heels for four years. Money may be a crass consideration come game time, but it has its charms in beefing up a floundering team. To make ends meet, though, Allen seems to have neglected his old Redskins—indeed, some 10 veterans have not yet signed their 1976 contracts. Also, despite the Redskins' having the top NFL ticket price of \$18, Allen has skimped heavily on

training-camp expenses and dropped out of the CEPO scouting combine for a saving of some \$100,000.

What left many students of the Georgian mind a bit puzzled, though, was that the Redskins were particularly deep at the very positions into which these newcomers would ostensibly fit. Fullback Larry Brown seems finally healed after his surgery of three years ago. Mike Thomas was the NFL's best rookie running back in 1975 with 919 yards rushing and 483 more as a pass catcher. Behind them stood such capable journey-men as Moses Denson and Bob Brunet. At tight end Allen had two perennial standouts, Jerry Smith and Alvin Reed, and at quarterback the irrepressible Billy Kilmer, not to mention Randy Johnson and Joe Theismann.

So, Allen's money madness seemed a particularly costly redundancy in light of the team's obvious weaknesses—an offensive line tattered by injuries and a defense that, though still better than most in football, is about to trip over its collective beard. "No matter how many good football players you have," Allen says, his eyes once more in motion, "if you can get another good one, you go for him." What he doesn't say, however, is that of the free agents available this year there were no really outstanding examples of the genera guard, tackle, center, cornerback or safety. And because Allen has already used up nearly every worthwhile draft choice from now until the Second Coming, he was in poor position to trade. Thanks to the Rich Four, and the men whom they challenge, he now is.

Last week, as the Redskins prepared to play the Baltimore Colts in their second preseason game, the tensions generated by these possibilities hung like a heat haze over the team's camp in Carlisle, Pa.—the haze that precedes a violent electrical storm. Walking the somnolent, gloomy campus of Dickinson College, one could practically hear the clicking of Allen's mind as the tumblers fell. As a warm-up, Allen had just dealt Defensive Tackle Manny Sotnick and three more future draft choices to Philadelphia for Cornerback Joe Lavender,

Former Cowboy Hill injured his knee in the NFL, but he commands \$135,000 from the Redskins.

who will try to replace the retired Mike Bass. To complicate matters, Wide Receiver Charlie Taylor, the NFL's alltime pass-receiving leader, had fractured his left shoulder in Washington's 17-10 win over Atlanta the week before, and now Allen probably felt he needed another pass catcher.

In the team's favorite watering hole, a baroque saloon called Gingerbread Man,

where plastic plants droop from the fretwork and marble nymphs mope against stained wooden pillars, Redskins nursed beers and sought to see the future. Denson, at 32 a budding veteran of both Canadian and NFL action, eased his bruised left hip while Thomas tried to cheer him up. The jukebox played *A Whiter Shade of Pale*.

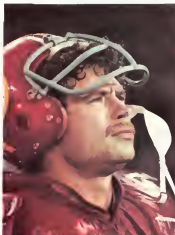
Randy Johnson, chafing under the un-

certainty, violated the First Commandment of the Georgian code by airing his doubts to the press. "I haven't had any work all week," said the 10-year quarterback. "I'm probably going to tell the coach that I'd like to be signed or traded, or I'll give him a deadline to make the decision. If not, I guess I'll have to leave. I'd like to work out an agreement where I won't get to a team too late to

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LOPER





Riggins abandoned Namath and the Jets for Washington's \$1.5 million; ex-Cowboy Fugitt also reports for *The Washington Post*

learn a new offense. That's my only hangup."

About the only happy talk in Carlisle came from the Rich Four themselves. As Riggins lounged on the steps of Adams Hall, the dorm that houses the Redskins, he reflected on his reasons for joining the Allen crusade. The Mohawk days are gone from Riggins' life for good, along with the wild mood swings that characterized his early years as a country boy turned New York superstar. He now wears a short, tousled hairstyle and a rather skimpy cookie-duster mustache, but the aura of the china-shop wrecker still emanates.

"I don't know," he says, "I suppose I could have gotten more money from some other team. But that wasn't my only consideration. I wanted to be with a contender and, more than that, with a coach who can handle veterans. That's been

Coch Allen's strength all along." What about the supposed weakness of the Redskins' offensive line? "The Jets were primarily a pass-blocking team, built to protect the knees of one man. The offensive line didn't get out there and move people around for the running backs—not very often, at least. Still, I got 1,005 yards last year. Don't get me wrong; every running back wants good linemen out ahead of him because that multiplies the options in a broken field. But I've done without, and I guess I can still handle it."

How about Washington itself, as a place to live and work?

"I get lost whenever I go there," he laughs, still the country boy at one level. "There's something about streets that go in circles. . . ." He stretches his right leg and winces slightly. A hamstring pulled two weeks earlier in practice has still not fully healed, and he will miss the second preseason game as he missed the first. George Allen is gentle with expensive fullbacks, particularly when they have not yet paid for themselves.

Jean Fugitt, too, is slightly injured. "I broke a small bone in my wrist against the Falcons," he says, "but it's nothing much. I'll probably play tonight. I hope so, because it's Baltimore and that's my hometown." He smiles wide and warm at the thought. "This is only my fifth year in the game but I've learned that there's no Utopia in a football situation. Still, I wanted out of Dallas and I wanted to get back to where I could set down some roots, both for myself and my family. I wasn't making enough with the Cowboys to come back to Baltimore during the off-season. Now I'm right next door."

Already the roots are going down: during the off-season Fugitt, who graduated from Amherst and has ambitions in journalism, worked for *The Washington Post* as a straight news reporter covering Maryland. During his college summers he had interned on the *Baltimore Sun*, and in Dallas he set up a black news program for a local radio station. "I want to communicate with black kids, and I want to do it through the written word," he says. "But it's tough. They don't read much, mainly watch TV for news. All that violence. But I'm going to try it. I've got so much to tell them about what it's like being a black kid growing up in this world."

Yes, but what can Fugitt give the

continued





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Washington Redskins before he shifts gears from cleats to words?

"Well," he says, "I can play inside or out. Tom Landry put me in motion last year and I caught a lot of passes. I think that the tight end position is evolving more rapidly than most others in modern football. The Dinka days of brute strength and sheer aggression are over. Sure, you've still got to be a good blocker, and I'm at least average. But I'm also quick and, I hope, fairly intelligent. I can wait a step to see where a cornerback or linebacker is heading and still get over there and cut him down, or break past him and fly if it's a pass play." He grins at the thought, and the smile itself seems to fly. "Shucks," he says, "I weigh 225 and I'm still growing, growing, growing!"

So is Quarterback Pat Sullivan, or so he hopes. At an even 6' and 195 pounds, he is somewhat small for a quarterback of the future, but he quickly points out that neither Bob Griese nor Fran Tarkenton is exactly a giant. "I hope to grow in the area of smarts," he says. "That's why I'm glad it worked out this way. Not only does Washington have a fine organization, but Billy Kilmer is one of the smartest quarterbacks going. If I have to learn from the sidelines, this is a great place to do it. Sure, you'd love to play every week, every offensive series. But quarterbacks are slow growers, and you have to be patient. I've got a strong arm and I can run, and I think I've already got a start toward intelligence on the field. And I know I've got plenty of patience."

That is a quality people need if they wish to spend much time in the domain of George Allen. Right now, shortly before the buses leave for the Baltimore game, Allen is in his office considering Randy Johnson's transgression, spread before him in the morning paper.

"Randy will get his. . . ." He pauses and smiles, looking in the instant like Ronald Reagan as The Gipper. "Will get his chance," he concludes. "He'd better be prepared. You know, you can often learn a lot more about a man off the field than you can on. Temperament is very important to me. Still, let's say this about Randy: I have confidence in him." The Gipper's smile turns cryptic. Then another problem knocks gently, almost timidly, at the door, Moses Denton enters.

"Coach," he begins, "you said at the meeting for any player who's got an in-

jury who don't think he should play to-night to come to you. . . ."

"Come in, Moses, come in," says Allen heartily. He turns to a guest. "You'll excuse us for a moment, won't you?" He sighs as he closes the door. From within, for the next 10 minutes, comes the coaxing vibration of Allen's voice, gentle but insistent, generating a kind of ultrasonic psychological heat that begins to work persuasively on a listener who cannot hear his words. Then the door opens and Demson emerges, smiling confidently.

"Told him to put an extra pad on that bruised hip of his," Allen says. "Now here's an interesting thing. All the reporters are saying I bought too many running backs, but tonight I've got to start a full-back with a hip pointer. Riggins can't play because of the hamstring. I don't want to start Larry Brown, even though he's better now than he's been since '72. And Bob Brunet is laid up with the flu. Who could have predicted that? The longer I coach, the less things surprise me."

Still, the outcome of the game in Baltimore last Friday night must have been a bit of a jolt. Barring a meeting in the Super Bowl next January, it would be the only confrontation of the Colts and Redskins this year. Enhanced by the Baltimore resurgence of last year, the game attracted a record preseason crowd of 35,575 to Memorial Stadium. And that despite a violent thunderstorm that delayed the kickoff nearly half an hour. When the lightning moved offstage, Colt Quarterback Bert Jones moved on with his own brand of pyrotechnics. Hitting on nine of 15 passes, most of them flat-trajectoryed zingers, and mixing them up nicely with the running of Lydell Mitchell (79 yards for the evening), Jones put together drives of 60, 17 and 93 yards for touchdowns. The young and aggressive Colt defense, meanwhile, held the Redskins' movement mostly to midfield reaches. The best Washington could produce was a 21-yard field goal by Mark Moseley after a drive stalled at the Colt four-yard line, a frustrating reminder of 1975.

Sure, Billy Kilmer was brave as always during the first half, and Mike Thomas' feet were as shifty as ever, though he never managed to break loose for a long gainer. The Redskin starting defense also played with its usual aplomb after a mod-

icum of early mistakes. But Demson started at fullback, as ordered, and went nowhere but deeper into pain. When he came out of the game, the veteran Redskins cheered him and clapped him on the back, a clear reflection that they knew his future and that it probably wouldn't be with them. Larry Brown ran a few sweeps, and indeed his knees looked better than they had in a long while, but the spring was not back yet.

Calvin Hill alone of the Rich Four saw a bit of meaningful action. Shortly after the Redskin drive bogged to a mere field goal, Hill, who had knee surgery last season, churned a pair of runs that might have led to a touchdown if he had entered the game earlier. It was the Calvin of old, big and rangy, with the quick eyes for holes and angles, the shifting gait that confuses once he has reached his stride beyond the line of scrimmage. All told, he picked up 13 yards in four carries—not much, but a beginning.

The heavy rains came again in the fourth quarter and Hill stood on the sidelines, observing the whipping impressively. The rain gleamed in his hair and on his Biblical beard. His eyes watched without emotion but with deep intelligence. Gradually a force field seemed to spread from where he stood at the far left of the team on the sidelines, calming the men near him, calming even the assistant coaches who paced, wet and miserable, around George Allen. Eventually it seemed to reach Allen, to ease his ravenous demand for victory even in the bleakest hour, and to reassure him that the torch was indeed being re-ignited, if more slowly than he had wished. The final score was Colts 20, Redskins 3.

"I'm not at all discouraged," Hill said in the locker room. His voice, soft and a touch high for such a big man, poured calm and sanity on the wreckage. "We've got good plays, sophisticated plays, and they take time to work smoothly," he said. "But the mistakes were small ones. They can be rectified. Like the others, I came here to be with a contender, and we are a contender."

Perhaps no one, not even George Allen, can buy a Super Bowl ring. But certainly Allen, with his almost mystical eye for mature players, men with the patience, strength, calm and savvy of Calvin Hill, can buy the down payment on one. Yes, he bought a contender. **END**

In the '20s and '30s, white Anglo-Saxon Protestant football fans were stunned by the emergence of a generation of players whose antecedents were mysterious and whose names—Nagurski, Wojaschewicz, Oosterbaan, Skladany—when they first appeared in newspaper headlines, seemed to be the products of a berserk compositor. Nothing quite like it has happened since (the black boom in the college game was cushioned by familiar names—Buddy Young, Jim Brown, Len-

ny Moore). But this fall a comparable cultural shock could be in the making.

What is coming on is a swarm of Polynesian warriors—not your run-of-the-reelf, gin mill flamethrowers, but strong fierce men, six to seven feet tall, who seem to have stepped into the 20th century from some secret museum of oceanic antiquities. As, in fact, they have. The museum is a tiny (76 square miles) island cluster in the deep South Seas called American Samoa. Not only is it the least

known and most remote of U.S. territories, but, together with Western Samoa, it also is the only island group where the Polynesian culture—and the Polynesian rice—has survived virtually intact.

Until the 1950s, few Samoans ever left home, but among those who did a good many made their mark—some in football. Packard Harrington, for example, starred for St. Mary's of Moraga (Calif.) in the late '30s and Al Harrington (no kin) made a name for himself at Stan-

SHAKE 'EM OUT OF THE COCONUT TREES

by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON

College coaches say that is the smart move in Samoa, where palm groves are full of young monsters with tongue-twisting names and unquenchable pride



ford two decades later. They both said they were Samoans, but what was that? Even if Al had abided by Samoan custom and gone by his matrilineal name—which is Taa—he would have been lumped with Charley Ane, an All-Pro center for the Detroit Lions, Famika Ane, a varsity center for Brigham Young, and Al Lolotai, a Washington Redskins guard in the Sammy Baugh era, as just another "Hawanan." Lolotai reluctantly surrendered to this cultural disfranchisement by wrestling professionally under the name of "Sweet Leilani."

But this time there will be no ethnic surrenders. The new Samoans are coming in sufficient force to command attention, and in a half-dozen Western colleges and universities—USC, UCLA, San Jose State, Brigham Young, San Diego State and Hawaii—are proudly proclaiming their true identity.

Nearly all of these Samoan players were born in California or Hawaii, or were brought there as young children. Many Samoans emigrated after the U.S. Navy closed its Pago Pago base in 1951, not because they wanted to leave but because the loss of the Navy payroll created an economic crisis. Few could speak English and most brought little with them except their kids, their physical prowess and their Polynesian pride. Condemned to the slums by poverty and the language barrier, the Samoans had a rough time. But the pride never wavered, the kids are college age now and they are out to beat what Al Harrington calls "the great white race," not trundle to it.

The young Samoans preparing for the coming season are acutely aware that they are more than football players—they are missionaries for *Fa'a Samoa*, the Samoan way of life. As their coaches already know, if you ask a Samoan to run five miles, he'll run 10; if you ask him to take out an opponent, he is apt to take him clear out of the stadium.

The main cast for the Billy Graham role in this football crusade is a 225-pound, six-foot USC fullback named Masi Tatuapu, out of Pago Pago by way of Honolulu's Punahou High School. Tatuapu became the Trojans' starting fullback last fall after Dave Farmer broke

his leg, and he not only carried the ball 416 yards but also did most of the blocking that enabled Ricky Bell to assemble a near-record 1,875 yards rushing. "In South Bend last fall," Tatuapu recalls, "the people put signs up in our hotel that said KING RICKY'S BALL. Well, they didn't ring it." The Trojans, in the midst of a lackluster season, whipped Notre Dame 24-17, partly because of Samoan Power.

If the way to catch a thief is to be one, the way to stop a Samoan may be to put another Samoan, or better yet, two Samoans, against him—or so the Rose Bowl champion UCLA Bruins hope. When UCLA confronts USC this November, new Coach Terry Donahue will have Linebacker Manu Tuiasopopo and Defensive Tackle Pete Pele waiting for Masi and Ricky, and a third Samoan, Anthony Paopao, to carry the ball after the defense has done its work.

Although most of the other Pac-Eight schools have tried to make Samoan connections in recent years, none of their acquisitions was significant. But the WAC and the PCAA had better luck—or made better offers. Long Beach State will field Joe Paopao (Anthony's older brother) and Long Beach City College has a promising freshman named Samoa Samoa. Wilson Fiumana is ready for another big year at San Jose State and Ed Ino will be in action for San Diego State. Even an occasional Western Samoan finds his way to U.S. football, e.g., Mekeli Jeremia, who will join Neal Ane (youngest son of former Detroit Lion Charley) and other American Samoans on the Brigham Young squad. Arizona State Coach Frank Kush, who knows all about Samoans, made a strenuous effort last year to recruit Honolulu high school star Tom Tuinei, but Tuinei was captured by the University of Hawaii (which has awakened to the treasure in its midst).

The Samoan surge has been in the making for a decade. In the mid-'60s Bob Apsa tore up the Big Ten for Duffy Daugherty at Michigan State, but he was linked—in the headlines and the public



USC Back Masi Tatuapu arcs at (Ricky) Bell-bending

mind—with his Hawaiian teammate Dick Kenney as "The Hawaiian Punch." Although Apsa was an All-America as a sophomore, only two schools seem to have attached much importance to the fact that he was born in Pago Pago. The University of Montana recruited Tuiasopopo (who in 1968-69 made All-Conference in the Big Sky and for the past 3½ years has played in the Canadian Football League) and, in 1968, the aforementioned Frank Kush pounced on the star of Honolulu's Kahuiku High team, a 6' 2", 218-pound holy Mormon terror named Junior Ah You. Nobody looks more like a Polynesian warrior than Junior—he has a body-builder's physique, smoky eyes flanking a hawk nose in a high-cheekboned face, a Fu Manchu mustache embracing a mobile mouth full of flashing white teeth—and nobody's name sounds less like one. Ah You? Junior Ah You? A waiter, or a busboy, maybe, helping out in his father's Chinese restaurant?

"My father is half Chinese," Junior said recently. "My mother is pure Samoan." Does that make Junior one-

continued

Hawa war clubs, will be carrying swaths for UCLA Anthony Paopao (left) and Manu Tuiasopopo

fourth Chinese? No, sir! "That makes me all Samoan!" Junior declares, proudly and loudly. Junior Ah You asserted his racial heritage throughout his career at Arizona State—he was an All-WAC defensive end for three straight years—and he has been declaring it in Montreal ever since he graduated and signed with the Alouettes of the CFL.

The notice Samoans are now getting in the West may help Junior Ah You gain belated ethnic recognition; and it won't hurt Bob Apisa, now a management consultant to the Office of Economic Opportunity in Honolulu, in his campaign to be the first Samoan elected to the Hawaiian legislature. But does it really mean, as many think in Honolulu, that the Samoans are about to do for U.S. football what oil did for Oklahoma? How many Samoans are there, anyway?

The population of American Samoa is less than 30,000, and there are some 50,000 more Samoans overseas—30,000 in Southern California and 20,000 in Hawaii. But even if this minuscule total of 80,000 is cut in two (Samoan girls are good athletes, but none so far is playing college football), there is no reason to believe the pool will run dry or diminish in richness. The population has been exploding for 40 years.

"We are all Polynesians," says Al Harrington, who majored in history while playing football at Stanford and who taught at Punahou and the University of Hawaii before electing to exploit his warrior body, chiefly mien and dramatic skills as an actor in *Hawai Five-0* (he plays Ben Kokuai) and as the star of a Waikiki *hau* show. "But Samoans have not been watered down as the Hawaiians were by the Boston missionaries and the Tahitians were by the French. So we not only tend to be bigger, but we retain a fierce sectional, cultural and family pride. The soul of Samoa still is competitiveness."

That is at least a partial definition of *fa'a Samoa*, a cultural structure that has endured for 2,000 years and flourishes just as vigorously today in Los Angeles, Long Beach, Oceanside, Honolulu and—yes—Montreal as it does in Pago Pago. The heart of the culture is the so-called "extended family" system, in which a man's family includes his most remote relatives, all organized into a unit that resembles a Scottish clan—or a Marine regiment. Like Scots and marines, the families delight in fighting each other

(centuries ago they did it with spears and clubs; more recently, in American Samoa, such games as rugby, soccer and—since 1968—American football have been substituted), but let any outsider challenge a Samoan and all the families become one.

Famika Anot, the BYU center who was the first Samoan to become head coach of a Honolulu high school, says, "It is very hard on a Samoan kid who doesn't do well, or what his father thinks is well. He is felt to have disgraced the family, and when he gets home he is likely to get a two-hour lecture that may end in a beating. This is especially true of immigrant families. They see everything the kids do as an important part of promoting the culture. A loss reflects on the parents, the chiefs and the race."

Fa'a Samoa is no more acceptive of failure in academic fields than it is of physical shortfalls. "My objective at Michigan State always was to get a degree, even beyond football," Bob Apisa says. "When I went to Michigan State it was a matter of pride for me. I was representing not only myself, my family and the Samoan community, but Hawaii, too. I had three knee operations in college and it was my responsibility to all the people back home that inspired me to get up mornings when it was 20° below zero in East Lansing and walk half a mile on crutches to an 8 a.m. class. It brings a feeling of shame on your family if you don't accomplish what you set out to do."

A Samoan is going to see something through, right or wrong.

This pride and dedication—combined with the frustration that inevitably besets immigrants at the bottom of the economic ladder—has led some Samoans to choose wrong over right. "In Samoa," says La Saipasa, a native-born basketball star, "you've got only two ways to go—to the gym and school, or to become a thief. You have to make the decision." (A Samoan incursion into mainland basketball may be also in the offing: Muliufi Hannemann, at Harvard on a scholastic scholarship, played for the Crimson three years, and Saipasa, now a freshman at San Diego State, was offered basketball scholarships by two other mainland universities.)

"Samoans are very physical people," Famika Anae says. "They simply can't stand losing—either in sports or in life. They resent it when they see Caucasians or Japanese-Americans getting the best

jobs, or sometimes the only jobs, and some take advantage of their physical strength to try for success along any avenue that seems open—even if it is crime." One who did take the latter route is Aleria Leota, who played football for Hawaii's Iolani High in the '40s. The son of devout but very poor Mormon parents, Leota parlayed a career as a "terrorist" (a judge's description) into temporary control of a Hawaiian crime syndicate. While Samoans regrettably concede that Leota has provided both a role model and employment opportunities for a good many youths, and has been partly responsible for giving Samoans a "violent" image in Honolulu, they do not disown him.

Hawaii's Samoan Council of Chiefs and Orators is proud, however, that more acceptable models have been created by men like Apisa, Harrington, Anae, Ah You and Uperesa. "We believe in the American dream," says Al Harrington. "We think hard work and merit will pay off. Thus far for Samoans, football and other sports have provided a way toward fulfillment of the dream." Backing up Harrington are the Samoans who have finished their schooling and are beginning to appear on pro rosters, men like Terry Tautolo, who graduated from UCLA last spring and is now in the Philadelphia Eagles' training camp, and Charles Ane (another son of Charley's), who joined the Kansas City Chiefs after Michigan State.

But Harrington also notes, "Many Samoans are now moving up through scholastic scholarships—in law, history, accounting and political science." If the past were the only guide to the future, it might be safe to assume that as more and more immigrant Samoans go into the professions or business, the domestic pool of athletic talent will shrink. Consequently, college and professional scouts who are just awakening to the potential of Samoan high school players are likely to be taking even longer trips in the future—to Pago Pago itself. A lot will depend on the performance of the University of Hawaii's prize recruit, a 280-pound, 6'4" defensive tackle named Nofu Tipoti. This giant is not quite direct from American Samoa, but almost—he came to San Francisco in 1973 after his graduation from Faga'itua High School near Pago Pago and spent two warmup years at San Francisco City College. A number of universities that had

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overlooked the more accessible Samoan talent were attracted by this exotic import. "The competition for Tipoti was ferocious," says Hawaii Coach Larry Price, "and so is Nofo when he takes aim at a ballcarrier."

Tipoti's presence on a U.S. college roster is a tribute to the efforts of three men—one an Idaho Mormon, another an educator from Hawaii, and the third a native Samoan. Ali Lolotua, the erstwhile "Sweet Leilani" (who has a son, Tilot, on a football scholarship at the University of Colorado). The man from Idaho is Rex Lee, appointed governor of American Samoa by President Kennedy in 1961. Lee rebuilt the schools, instituted educational TV, arranged for the opening of two fish canneries to replace the lost Navy payroll and persuaded Samoans to learn English. Moreover, he managed these changes without interfering with *fa'a Samoa* or trying to replace it. As they have in the past, the Samoans welcomed these "forms" as additions to their culture, not substitutes for it. (They became nominal Christians—mostly Congregationalists, Catholics, Mormons and Methodists—in the 1800s because one chief noted that the missionaries sailed ships "while we paddle canoes—so they must have something.")

In 1968 the five high schools Lee had established and expended on Tutuila, the largest island in the American group, were organized into an athletic league, and training films in American-style football were broadcast on the territory-wide TV station. The Samoans took to the game with all the enthusiasm medieval knights brought to the Crusades, but sometimes with ludicrous results. In the first two years both Samoan exuberance and the spirit of *fa'a Samoa* were on display. In one game, before the rules were understood, a ballcarrier was tackled by 21 players—the members of both teams. In another, the supporters of a losing team attacked the winners with cricket bats. (Cricket is another inheritance from the missionaries.)

Order was established in 1970 when Milton DeMello, deputy superintendent of schools in Honolulu, was made director of the Samoan educational system. An ardent football fan, DeMello brought Al Lokotai back to his homeland to take charge of sports. Now all the high schools have teams and the televised NFL Game of the Week holds Samoa spellbound. Lee's language and educational reforms

continued



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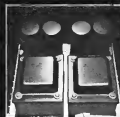
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SAMOA'S continued

have in no way weakened the physical power of Samoan youth—Tipoti is no bigger or tougher than a lot of kids a year or so younger than he is. They still grow up in the tradition of fa'a Samoa, and one of its mainstays is child labor—for the family, not for an exploiting employer.

Along with natural selection and racial purity (unlike the Hawaiians, few Samoans married missionaries, traders, sailors or marines, and no intruders ever got possession of Samoan land), hard work accounts for the Samoans' extraordinary size and strength. "A Samoan boy starts hard physical labor even before he reaches school age," says Famika Anae, who conducts a football clinic every summer in Pago Pago. "He must climb a coconut tree 100 feet tall, barefoot and carrying a machete, tear the coconuts loose and even cut away the fronds. These kids do this every day and, after school starts, every night. We have high school athletes in Hawaii who can climb only four or five trees a day. Little kids in Samoa climb 20, and they also hike into the mountains to help with the banana harvest, packing out loads that weigh 75 to 80 pounds. By the time a boy is ready for high school football, his muscles often are as defined as those of a weight lifter." Even in football season Samoan boys don't get clear away from coconut palms. "The sight of the Samoans High squad practicing is something to remember," says DeMello, who is now back in Hawaii as headmaster of Mid-Pacific Institute. "They learn blocking by hitting padded coconut trees."

Last summer Dan Stavely, freshman coach at the University of Colorado, assisted Anae in his Pago Pago clinic. "We timed kids down there in the 40-yard dash," Anae says. "Two ran it in 4.5 seconds, and five others in 4.6—and two of them weighed 215 and 220 pounds. A lot did it in 4.8 or 4.9, which is faster than many college players."

Contrary to Lee's hopes, the canneries have not provided sufficient employment opportunities to support the still-expanding population of American Samoa, and there just aren't enough coconut trees (or enough demand for copra) to fulfill job needs. In consequence, U.S. football looks like the rainbow's end for many Samoan teen-agers. But if Nofu Tipoti does as well as Price expects, the entire Samoan economy may benefit—from the new hotel that will have to be built in Pago Pago to house the scouts. **END**

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GOING PUBLIC ON THE GASPÉ



It is first come first served—but there are too many seconds—as fishing rights on Quebec rivers pass clumsily from private to local control

by CLIVE GAMMON

Each July the Gorge Pool of the Dartmouth River, on the Gaspé Peninsula of the province of Quebec, fills with Atlantic salmon. Heading in from the North Atlantic, the beautiful silver fish will hold for a while in pools with names like Strawberry Island and Burnt Jam, but all of them eventually will fight their way through the Lady's Steps Rapids and end up in the Gorge, their upstream journey halted by a mighty falls that they can negotiate only when the river drops to its low summer level.

A fisherman trying to scramble 300 feet down to the Gorge Pool must check his descent by grabbing at pines and hope that his nailed boots will hold on the steep final leg of bare rock. Then, breathless, he finds himself looking into a dream: at least 100, maybe closer to 150, salmon finning gently in a pool no bigger than a suburban living room.

If this were Scotland, you would probably come by such a sight—rod in hand, that is—only if your family owned half a highland county; in Iceland you would merely have to be very rich. On the Dart-

mouth, though, since June 5 this year, all that is needed to win the right to cast a Silver Rat across those delectable fish is a \$40 one-day permit (\$20 for Quebec residents), a dime to call the toll-free number 800-462-5349 (418-643-5349 in the U.S., where it is not a free call) and an enormous amount of luck.

This is because the salmon fishing on the Dartmouth, as on other Canadian waters, has been taken out of private hands. More precisely, the government has not renewed the lease to the Dartmouth Club; in the future the government will administer the fishing itself.

The philosophy behind the take-over seems unassailable. How can one justify permitting a small group of individuals, because they have the \$75,000 or so needed annually to cover river management costs, to keep to themselves a rare natural resource—Atlantic salmon fishing—and to deny to anyone else, even men who were born and grew up on the river's banks, the right to fish? Particularly, how can one justify it when these fishing monopolists are either rich men who

live almost 1,000 miles from the river or foreigners from the U.S.? Place that situation in the troubled context of bilingual Quebec and you wonder why the rumpus didn't happen years earlier.

After the revolution of June 5, 1976, in the best of all possible worlds, the deprived locals of Gaspé town and the riverside villages would be merrily fishing away as the wicked capitalists packed their rods and sneaked out of town. Poaching, so long a scourge of Canadian salmon streams, would disappear: if anyone could go fishing legitimately, who would need to poach? In a year or two there might well be a street renamed rue Jun 5 in Gaspé and maybe a statue of M. Rejean Maranda, the special counselor to the Minister of Tourism, Hunting and Fishing in the provincial government, who is generally thought to be the driving force behind the salmon take-over. The Dartmouth change, of course, continued

On the low-flowing Dartmouth River, two anglers at cross-purposes fish a pool big enough for one.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TROLO





William Bouley fared a direct line to 13 salmon

is only a single example of general policy regarding Quebec's salmon resources. According to a spokesman of the ministry, only "budgetary limitations" stand in the way of complete nationalization of all waters.

But among the salmon anglers of Gaspé, no public subscription is being raised for that statue. Indeed, there is a strong feeling among them that while recognition of their right to fish was long overdue, it does not seem to have led to much actual fishing. In fact, it is easy to meet good, French-speaking Canadians who believe they caught more salmon in the bad old days of the foreign oppressors. It all boils down to that toll-free number. In theory, if you call 48 hours ahead of the day you want to fish, at precisely 10:30 a.m., you will find yourself with the freedom of the Gorge Pool, the Ladder Pool and the four other salmon-holding pools that make up the prime Sector 2 of the Dartmouth. In practice, though, what you will almost certainly get is that old buzz-buzz busy signal.

In Gaspé town itself, 800-462-5349 is passing into local mythology. What happens at the other end, there in Quebec City? Some say there are up to 50

girls poised to answer the calls, others say that there is a dusty locked room somewhere in the city with a telephone that is permanently off the hook. "I've tried it 24 or 25 times since June 5th," claims local angler Jean Marc Adams, "but the line is always busy." "I called that number the first 10 mornings," says another fisherman, "and I never got one answer." All over Gaspé you hear the same complaint. "It was better before," declares Gerald Langlais. "I used to get invites."

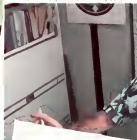
What Gaspé people don't know is that 800-462-5349 is only a tiny cog in a huge bureaucratic machine that is the book-

20, for the information of puzzled Gaspeians—attend to calls requesting reservations. And if you think that the fishermen of Gaspé have problems when they try to book a day's fishing on Sector 2 of the Dartmouth, then you should hear Andre Lachance, a spokesman for the ministry, discourse on the events of Jan. 5, 1976, when the switchboard opened for general reservations for Quebec outdoor vacations. "For Mastigouche Park," he will tell you, "200 boats were gone in 20 minutes." That sounds more like an appalling marine disaster than a holiday reservation plan, but the real disaster hit the Bell Telephone System. "Bell told us later that they measured more than 700,000 calls on our toll-free number on Jan. 5th," says Lachance, an undeniable note of pride creeping into his voice. "It completely jammed up the 800 system. Oddly enough, just about 800 people actually got through and were able to make a reservation."



Two former guides reminisce about old club days

Andre Lachance at the Ministry office in Quebec City. Phone: 800-462-5349



ing department of the Quebec Ministry of Tourism, Hunting and Fishing, the biggest organizers of outdoor holidays in the world, they will tell you, be they simple camping or boating trips or fishing or hunting expeditions. The home of 800-462-5349 is on the 10th floor of a high-rise office building and it is part of an operational headquarters that reminds you of those movies about the preparations for D-Day. Girls sit silently about changing the symbols on vast wall charts, and a battery of telephone operators—

So, standing in a Gaspé telephone booth with a dime in your hand, you should know that the odds are stacked high against your picking up a fishing reservation on the Dartmouth. Surprisingly, however, some Gaspé anglers seem to be consistently successful in getting through to Quebec City at the magical moment of 10:30 a.m. There is William Boulay, for example, who has the Chrysler agency in Gaspé and also owns a motel. He managed to book a considerable number of days on Sector 2 and in the first month of the season landed 13 salmon out of an approximate total river catch of 100.

"There's this one guy gets a booking every day," says a disgruntled Gaspé fisherman. "How does he manage that?" There are wild guesses in the town as to the number of people Boulay has calling 800-462-5349 each morning—up to 30 or more. In reality, he'll tell you, he just uses his two secretaries and his sales manager. Sector 2 can fish six rods, and at the beginning of the season the first caller lucky enough to get through could reserve all six, which was clearly inequ-



Crowded conditions prevail on Sectors 1 and 3, where the fee is a mere \$6



This fishing-is-forbidden sign no longer applies

on a local basis, decided that it didn't have the time or the money to administer the scheme. So the government itself, only six days before the season opened, was compelled to take over the running of the Dartmouth.

"The government is prepared to give the river back to the local people next year should they want it," says Yvon Fortin, who is the assistant manager for both the Dartmouth and the Saint John. But that doesn't seem likely at the moment, and the telephone booking system will continue. Meanwhile, all-comers' fishing is available without reservations on Sectors 1 and 3 of the Dartmouth—residents pay \$6 a day and outsiders \$12—but fly-fishing for Atlantic salmon is virtually impossible under the crowded conditions that are inevitable when there is no limit on the number of anglers who have the right to fish a pool. "I was there on the \$6 stretch at 3:30 on the morning of opening day," says Jean Marc Adams, "and there were nine anglers ahead of me fishing the pool. I went home."

But even under conditions so crowded that only a New Zealand fly-fisherman accustomed to "pocket line" fishing on the Taupo stream mouths could cast a line and keep out of trouble, isn't this system fairer than the old one? It would seem that this might not be entirely the case.

continued



table in a plan meant to provide fishing for all the locals. Now the booking limit is two rods, but there is still a lot of discontent.

In Gaspé last winter, at a town meeting convened to discuss new arrangements, fishermen were told that there would be a rotation system. "It was supposed to be, you'd get so many days' fishing, then you'd quit," recalls Edsel Langlois, who was the manager at the club when the Dartmouth was in private hands. That apparently sensible plan fell through when the citizens' committee, which was going to handle the fishing

GOING PUBLIC *continued*

Until this year, for more than half a century the Dartmouth fishing had been leased by the same family: first by a Canadian industrialist, Jules R. Timmins, then by his brother-in-law, Senator Donat Raymond. Recently the lease has been held by Ken Reardon, a defenseman for the Montreal Canadiens in the 1940s, who married into the family. And for Gaspé anglers, certainly in recent seasons, there was no question of being kept off the river. "To give you an example," says Edsel Langlais, "the first year I was on the river, Mr. Reardon fished until July 1st and then he left it up to me to bring in guests. I brought in 97 that year, mostly local but some were from Montreal. They paid nothing except the guide's fee." Anglers from nearby, in fact, found it fairly easy to get invitations—far easier than making a successful call to 800-462-5349.

Moreover, Langlais also points to the economic advantages of the old private-leasing system. "Last year," he will tell you, "it cost \$68,000 to operate the club, and all that money was spent locally on food, supplies and wages. That may not sound like much but it is very important for a little town like Gaspé. And the guests also used to leave a lot of money here." Certainly, no tourist angler from far afield would now be foolish enough to plan a Dartmouth fishing trip under the present booking system, and there is clearly a loss to the district in terms of tourist income.

Langlais was one of the 14 people who lost jobs when the Dartmouth Club closed down. The handsome wooden buildings are still there but unlikely to be used again. "In too much disrepair," says Yvon Fortin, though a superficial inspection shows them to be sound except for a few broken screens and the encroachment of forest flowers and tall summer grass. Perhaps no one felt the

blow more strongly than Lionel Adams, who for 25 years was a guide and river guardian. "I had a worrying time," he admits, though he and Langlais were luckier than most. Langlais works for the Quebec lottery that is helping to pay off the Olympic debt, while Adams is now a laborer for the government. In all, seven of the river guardians have found new jobs; the others are still out of work.

"We're not guardians anymore," says Adams. "They have men who come from Quebec to look after the river. They don't know the Dartmouth and it's going to take a long time for them to learn."



An overseer of the Dartmouth and St. John, Yvon Fortin is hard pressed to check his territory

Quebec has drafted 10 conservation officers to replace the 14 former guardians and, locally, much concern is expressed over the poaching problem. "It's not enough men to look after the river," Adams claims. "We were 14, yet we had a lot of walking to do, a lot of ground to cover. For instance, we had two men who were always posted in the upper reaches of the river, but there is nobody up there now."

Questioned, local government officials assure you that poaching will soon be a thing of the past. Yvon Fortin claims that already there has been an 80% improvement, but when pressed to justify this figure he will tell you it is based on "what we see." It is the government's belief, because people now have the right to fish, theoretically anyway, that poach-

ing will soon be extinct. Asked if \$2 per pound wasn't still an attractive proposition to illegal salmon netters, he said the government department of conservation had everything under control. This did not prevent a department control trailer from being overturned by a gang of poachers early this season, however. Four went to jail, but the evidence is that they have plenty of colleagues. American anglers visiting the neighboring York River this season claim that a net had been set for a week before it was located and that some salmon in the river showed net marks.

There can be no question, of course, of going back to the old system of private leasing on rivers like the Dartmouth, and it is clear that existing leases on other rivers are more and more likely to be taken over in the not so distant future. But what concerns serious salmon anglers, and in particular the Atlantic Salmon Association, is that in the wrangle over public or private rights it is the salmon itself, already a threatened species, that is likely

to suffer. In its journal, *The Atlantic Salmon*, the association points out sadly that "generally, protection and management on Government rivers have... received less attention than under private or leased regimes." Given adequate money and professional assistance, it might well be that locally administered fishing will prove better in the long run for the salmon than distant control by the Quebec government; the limited experience of this first season on the Dartmouth certainly points to that. Meantime, as the ASA points out, a formula based on common sense must be arrived at, one that takes into account the inescapable fact that unlimited, open fishing is self-defeating and that the privilege of fishing for Atlantic salmon brings with it a major responsibility for the species. END



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A Garland in full bloom

EVERYTHING'S BEEN COMING UP ROSES FOR THE BALTIMORE RIGHTHANDER SINCE HE LEFT THE BULLPEN AND BLOSSOMED INTO A STARTER WITH A RECORD OF 13-2

Righthander Wayne Garland has a nickname that doesn't fit. He is often mistaken for other players. His teammates can't agree on what makes him tick. And though he may be the most extraordinary pitcher in this season of extraordinary pitchers, he was left off the American League All-Star team.

Garland's teammates on the Orioles call him Grump, but only because he looks that way. He isn't a bit grouchy. It does not matter to him that he goes unrecognized despite having the best record in the league (13-2), and a 2.59 earned run average. He won't even remind you that he has pitched effectively in 19 of 26 appearances. For Garland isn't all that concerned about stardom right now: he's perfectly happy to have achieved starterdom.

For the last 15 seasons or so, Baltimore has produced outstanding pitchers almost as prolifically as it has turned out crab cakes, but even on a team that has Jim Palmer, Garland is something special. This spring he was considered a long reliever, a handy euphemism for a pitcher barely good enough to make the squad. Baltimore's management thought so little of his 7-11 record and 3.39 ERA during the three previous seasons that it cut his \$27,000 salary the maximum 20%. Garland refused to sign, and looked forward to becoming a free agent after he had played out his option year.

But once the season began, the ailing Orioles found they needed plenty of quick, long-lasting relief. Beginning with a 7½-inning, three-hit masterpiece, Garland came in from the bullpen to win three games and added another victory in a spot start. When Starters Ken Holtzman and Doyle Alexander were traded to New York on June 15, Garland was added to the rotation. Two days later he stopped Texas 4-1, allowing four hits in seven innings. On June 21 he pitched 7½ innings of no-hit ball, beating Boston 2-0 on two hits. It was his first complete game in the major leagues. On

June 26 he made it two, defeating the Indians 2-1. Even when Garland finally suffered his first loss after eight wins—a 6-4 defeat by the Red Sox on June 30—he was less at fault than his teammates, who fielded and ran the bases in slow motion.

Despite Garland's 8-1 record, American League Manager Darrell Johnson did not name him to the All-Star team. So Garland won his next two starts, and quietly expressed only "disappointment" at Johnson's decision. (By contrast, Palmer, also left off the All-Star pitching staff, called Johnson "an idiot.")

In Johnson's defense it must be conceded that Garland does not look—or pitch—like a stopper. A blocky six feet, 195 pounds, his appearance is more like that of a catcher. He uses no windup and little follow-through. His best pitch is a changeup that acts like a screwball, breaking away from lefthanded hitters. He throws it by gripping the seam of the ball with three fingers and turning his palm outward on delivery. This unusual pitch makes Garland's hard pitches seem faster than they are, and it is so befuddling that batters say it is a splitter—a sure sign they are impressed. "It does behave like one," Garland admits.

"Wayne has always had great stuff," says Palmer. "When Andy Eichenbarren was catching for us, he said Wayne had the best stuff on the team. The

problem was that he had the tendency to come in and throw a bad pitch. That gets magnified when you're relieving. When you're starting, you can make your own trouble and get out of it."

"The guy is a killer," says teammate Reggie Jackson. "He's the kind of guy who will go one-on-one with you and come up shaking hands. He's the first guy I would compare with Catfish Hunter, and you don't just throw that kind of talk around." Jackson differs with Palmer on one point: "Wayne doesn't have great stuff—better than average, but not great. It's his competitive attitude that makes him a winner."

Garland could pass for Hunter off the field, too. With the requisite moustache, a fuzzy permanent, colorful clothes and high-heeled shoes, he looks and dresses like many of today's players. (The latest sociological phenomenon in baseball is that all the white guys look alike.) "One of the best things about pitching well is that people in Baltimore aren't mistaking



GARLAND'S TOUGHEST DELIVERY IS A SCREWED-UP CHANGEUP

me for Ross Grimsley any more," says Garland.

To achieve recognition, Garland has had to make the kind of changes at age 25 that most pitchers make at 30. Signed out of Florida's Gulf Coast Junior College in 1969, he showed up in the majors four years later with a reputation for throwing hard because he had led the International League in strikeouts. Sent to the Baltimore bullpen, Garland, a starter since his Little League days, quickly discovered that he was not fast enough to break into the Oriole rotation by relying strictly on his hard pitches. "They had Palmer, Dave McNally, Mike Cuellar—you just couldn't name them all," he says. "I began thinking I'd be better off elsewhere."

When he got a rare start on July 15, 1974 against Oakland, Garland showed signs that he already was changing from a thrower to a thinker by holding the A's hitless for 8½ innings before losing in the ninth. "He had more tricks than a kid on Halloween," says Jackson, who was then with the A's. "Fastball, curve, slider, changeup, forkball, knuckler." Unfortunately some of his tricks, most notably the curve, were treats for the hitters. Now Garland limits himself to fastballs, sliders, changeups and occasional knucklers and makes them all work, as Hunter does, by keeping the ball low and pitching to spots. An ideal game for Garland would be 27 ground outs. In 139 innings he has struck out a modest 68, but he has walked only 37 and given up just 128 hits. His 13th victory, a 6-2 defeat of the Indians last week, was slightly subnormal on only one count—he allowed 10 hits. Otherwise Garland followed his usual pattern, walking no one and inducing Cleveland batters to hit 15 grounders.

Although his 20% pay cut has been restored, Garland continues to hold out, but his goal is no longer becoming a free agent. "Now that I'm a starter, I figure holding out helps my bargaining position with the Orioles," he says. "I would like to sign a two-year contract and buy a house in Baltimore for my wife and two kids. Security, that's what I want. I really don't care about playing out my option. Deciding between four or five different teams puts too much pressure on the individual." But not as much pressure as Grimsley is laying on the hitters nowadays.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 17)

by LARRY KEITH

AL EAST Boston's new Manager Don Zimmer, signed for 1977, is not waiting until next year. He has replaced veteran Third Baseman Rico Petrocelli with rookie Busch Hobson and has had Hobson and Outfielder Jim Rice taking extra batting practice. "Why wait?" Zimmer asks. "We could wait four games or so the rest of the way just by getting a few bunts down."

The Red Sox have been taking advantage of every opportunity lately, winning eight of their last nine and six of seven during the week. One of the victories, 4-1 over Detroit, went to Ferguson Jenkins, his fourth straight. The best news, though, was his holdouts Carlton Fisk, Rick Burleson and Fred Lynn had finally signed. Expressing the relief of players, management and fans, Fisk said, "I'm very glad it's over. The whole thing has really bothered me. We've been booed this year and it affects your concentration. You can't do your best under those conditions."

New York was still 10 games ahead of the pack, despite a 3-4 week and nine losses in the last 13 games. Two of the wins came against the Tigers, when Doyle Alexander had his weekly brush with a so-litter, allowing just two hits in a 1-0 victory, and when Roy White and Oscar Gamble crashed two-run homers to beat Mark Fidrych 4-3.

Baltimore (3-3) was not gaining much ground because of its continuing problems with Milwaukee. The Brewers (4-4) beat the Orioles twice, giving them six straight wins over the Birds in less than two weeks. They also took two of three from the Yankees, one on Bill Travers' five-hitter.

The Tigers were perilously close to last place after losing five straight games, but victories over Cleveland by Dave Roberts and Fidrych ended the slide. Fidrych's 6-1 victory was his first at three weeks following two losses. "I feel so good I'm getting a little cocky," the Bird crowed.

The Indians (4-3) had better success against Boston and Baltimore. Dennis Eckersley and Rick Wards pricking consecutive shutouts. Second Baseman Duane Kuiper, who was batting .230 at the All-Star break, went 4 for 4 against Jim Palmer in the win over Baltimore and by week's end had added 46 points to his average.

AL WEST Things are worse than Chicago Manager Paul Richards thought. "We seem helpless against the better pitchers in the league," he said early last week. "We seldom beat a pitcher with a winning record." Alas, Richards spoke too soon, for a few nights later his White Sox (2-4) were just as helpless against Kansas City's Andy Hassler, who had lost 13 straight games since April 29, 1975. Hassler went seven innings in the 9-2 victory, giving him a 1-7 record and stopping him one short of tying the American League mark for consecutive defeats. "I'm relieved," he said. And thanks to Hal McRae, he had champagne to honor the occasion. After KC put the game away with five runs in the sixth inning, the designated hitter slipped away long enough to order champagne for the expected celebration.

The Royals had plenty more to celebrate during their 5-2 week, especially a three-game sweep of Minnesota. The Twins had come into town with an eight-game winning streak that had propelled them into second place, but 7-1, 4-2 and 6-4 losses ended the surge. Not even Bill Singer's tricky stuff could help the Twins (4-3). After KC's Fred Park slammed a Singer special for a two-out, two-run single in the sixth inning of the third game, the little shortstop said, "The spitter I hit was a dandy. It dipped right down on my hands." And then on into center field.

Oakland (3-4) moved back into second place despite three straight losses to the Twins at the beginning of the week. Owner Charles Finley, meanwhile, called all his players pathetic and said he was disgusted with their performance. For once, Finley was not blaming his manager, Chuck Tanner, but he did light into Captain Sal Bando. "I'll be damned if I were a player hitting around .224 that I'd have the guts to ask for a long term contract at more than \$100,000 a year."

Another unhappy owner, Brad Corbett of Texas, indicated that some of his team's untouchables, possibly Jeff Burroughs and Toby Harrah, who are leaving subpar years, may not be so secure after all. Said Corbett after the Rangers had lost 20 of their last 25, "This slump has taught us a lot about our ball club. I'd say that some of the people we've taken a hard line on in trades in the past might be more expendable. At least we'll be more receptive to any and all deals for these people." As good as ever for the 3-3 Rangers were Gaylord Perry, who won twice, including his first shutout of the year, 6-0 over Minnesota, and Bert Blyleven, who changed the grip on his fastball and beat California 1-0.

The Angels (3-3) climbed out of the cellar after Fink Tannan's 13 strikeouts beat Oakland 2-1, but they fell back following a 9-1 defeat. Earlier, Bruce Bochte helped Nolan Ryan to his second straight victory, 9-6 over Texas, by blasting four hits. With a single,

continued

NY 64-42 BAL 54-52 CLEV 52-54
BOS 52-55 DET 50-56 MIL 47-54

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BASEBALL continued

double and triple in his first three at bats. Boche admitted he was going for the homer that would complete the cycle in the ninth. He had to settle for a single instead.

KC 66-41 OAK 56-53 MINN 55-54
 TEX 51-55 CHH 47-60 CAL 48-62

NL EAST

Those loud explosions you heard last week were the game-winning home runs that boomed all across the division. Philadelphia (5-4) provided the most thunder, starting with a doubleheader sweep of New York in which Greg Luzinski pounded a grand slam in the 7-6 opening win and Mike Schmidt a two-run shot in the 2-0 nightcap. Later in the week skinny Garry Maddox, who left weights after every game, showed new muscle by beating Chicago 8-5 with another grand slam. Then it was Schmidt again, his 28th and 29th home runs edging Chicago 7-5. "What the wind doeth, the wind taketh away," Schmidt said after his seventh homer in six. Wrigley games this year, "I hit a ball to center as hard as I could two days ago and it was turned into a can of corn. Then I hit one today that was just a fly ball that got up in the wind." The Phil's No. 1 flake, outfielder Jay Johnstone, had his ups and downs. First Johnstone sprinted all the way home from first on a routine ground single in the 11th to top the Mets, but then against the Cubs he reemployed a fly ball that resulted in three runs.

The Cubs (7-3) also had their share of game-winning homers. Pete LaCock's two-run blow beat the Phils 4-2. Jerry Morales' ninth-inning shot gave Steve Slocum a 1-0 win over Montreal and Rick Monday returned to the lineup after a week's layoff to beat the Expos 6-5 with a home run in the 13th inning and 4-3 with one in the 11th.

Although stung often themselves, the Expos had a game winner of their own to celebrate. That had come earlier in a 3-6 week when Jose Morales, the league's best pinch hitter, lifted Montreal to a 5-4 victory over New York with a three-run blow in the eighth. The next night it was the Mets' turn. New York (4-4) was trailing 8-7 in the eighth inning when Ed Kranepool hit his 100th career homer for a 9-8 decision. Kranepool's home run, like two by the Cubs, was off shell-shocked rookie Reliever Joe Kerigan.

This kind of power display was sorely needed by pitchers in St. Louis and Pittsburgh. The Cardinals (4-4) lost three 2-1 games, two of them in extra innings. Pete Falcone got sufficient support though, shutting out the Pirates 4-0 on four hits and stopping the Phils 4-1 five days later. Doc Medich of the Pirates (3-5) was not so favored. He lost twice without a run being scored on his behalf. Against the Cardinals he pitched 6½ innings of a 4-0 loss and against the Mets he lost in the seventh inning of a 4-2 loss trailing 2-0. The Pirates did most of their hitting in one

game, a 17-hit attack that racked Tom Seaver and New York (2-3).

PHIL 72-38 PIT 59-49 NY 56-56
 CHH 50-62 ST. L. 46-60 MON 37-47

NL WEST

Were the Dodgers still in the league? Just barely, after losing three straight to Cincinnati and falling 12 games behind. "They should have a funeral before the body decomposes," Cincinnati Reliever Rawly Eastwick recommended. So what's everyone going to do until the playoffs begin? "Biting ties, rumi-scored ties, RBI ties—that's all that's left," Pete Rose said. Jack Billingham turned in the best pitching job, three-hitting San Francisco 9-0. When it looked as if Billingham might be losing his stuff, Pitching Coach Larry Shepard came to the rescue. Shepard stroled to the mound, took the ball from Billingham, sparked it and said, "Be good." Then he walked back to the dugout.

The Dodgers (4-4) had warmed up for Cincinnati by winning four straight, including Bert Hooten's two-hit shutout of Houston. But the Reds were too much, even for Rick Rhoden, who lost his first game of the year after nine victories, 7-4.

It was a week to remember for San Diego's Randy Jones. Or maybe one he'd rather forget. First he lost to Cincinnati 3-2, then Atlanta 1-0 to make his record 18-6. He ended the road trip on an even unhappier note, driving his car into a telephone pole as he came home from the airport. The accident resulted in stitches in his neck and a missed

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BUTCH METZGER: The San Diego reliever continued his drive for Rookie of the Year by picking up his ninth win without a defeat and his ninth, 10th and 11th saves. He allowed only two runs in seven innings.

pitching turn The more fortunate Butch Metzger beat the Braves 7-3 and had three straight saves against Houston, giving the Padres a 5-3 week.

Atlanta (4-4) lost five straight before Andy Messersmith and Dick Ruthven pitched consecutive wins over the Padres. Cito Gaston helped Messersmith by hitting two homers and driving in five runs.

The Giants' only wins in eight games were spurred by first-inning home runs. Gary Matthews' helped beat the Reds 4-1 and Gary Thomasson's helped edge the Braves 2-1. Shutouts by Larry Dierker (6-0 over Atlanta) and James Richard (1-0 over L.A.) were Houston's best efforts in a 2-5 week.

CIN 72-39 LA 59-50 HOU 56-57
 SD 54-56 ATL 50-50 SF 48-64

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Mules are extraordinary creatures, whether high-jumping in Dallas or carrying kitchen tables in Bishop, Calif. There was a contest at the Texas State Fair in which 10 mules jumped over a bar that was raised two inches after every jump. You never saw 10 animals look so pleased with themselves. Mule jumping is an old-timey sport that folks say got started in the Arkansas backwoods when farmers rode mules while coon hunting, saddle horses being too scarce and expensive. Upon coming to a fence the hunter would dismount and climb over. He would throw a gunnysack across the top wire or rail so that the mule could judge the height, and then motion the critter to come on over. Naturally, arguments developed over how high the fences were, and farm-lot contests and heavy betting followed.

In the modern mule-show variation, the handler leads his mule up to the crossbar and walks around to the other side. Most mules jump from a standing start, though a running jump is not prohibited. The mules at the Texas State Fair walked up to the wooden crosspiece and felt it with their necks or chests to de-

termine the height. Then they sank back momentarily, folded their front legs and pushed off with their powerful hind legs, arching up and over in surprisingly graceful demonstrations of strength and coordination.

In general, a mule show is modeled on a horse show, but where a sophisticated horse-show crowd is restrained in its enthusiasm, a mule-show crowd is loud and uninhibited. The crowd identifies with the mules so completely that every successful jump evokes an explosion of cheers and huzzahs, to which the mules respond with obvious self-satisfaction. But before all this begins to sound all too perfect, it must be reported that there is one small problem with mule jumping.

A mule is equally satisfied if he misses the bar entirely, knocks it down or, when it gets high enough, walks underneath it. In fact, a mule seems to feel most satisfied if he can leave his owner frantically gesticulating on the other side of the crosspiece in front of all those spectators. Moreover, a mule that is able to jump over a five-foot fence while warming up outside the arena may simply stop and stare at a bar only 48 inches high when the judges are watching and the crowd is waiting for it to jump. To call this stubbornness misses the curious appeal of a mule show. The appeal lies in sitting in on the proof

These mules are not jackasses

NO LONGER MERE BEASTS OF BURDEN,
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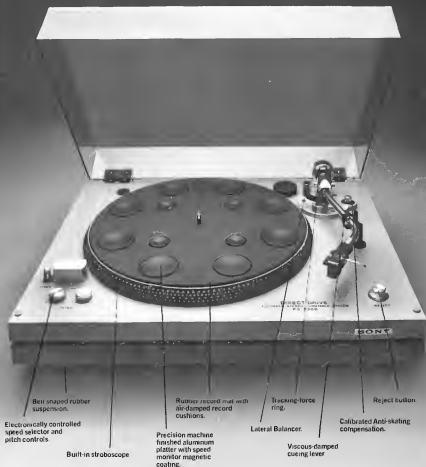
that, yessir, mules are congenitally unable to resist making things as hard as possible for people whenever they have a chance.

The Texas State Fair is one of the biggest in the country and last fall's mule show was its first. Members of the Southwestern Donkey and Mule Society were hoping for records, or at least for performances that would be impressive for the television cameras trained on their mules. But the contest shook down to four finalists; all of them attempted to jump 49 inches but couldn't seem to get any higher. One broke the bar and was out. Another was disqualified when it sensibly tried to get to the other side of the bar by walking around it. The great mule-jumping contest ended in a tie between Red Beauty and Ginger. It was all

continued



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for the best, since there were no more wooden crosspieces left anyway.

The contest did prove one thing. Mules have never been as well off as they are now. The modern world of recreation offers infinitely more opportunities for doing things wrong than existed when mules were only work animals. Last spring 40,000 people lined the streets of Bishop (population, 3,958) to watch the parade that opened the annual Mule Days celebration. Bishop is a resort outpost 300 miles northeast of Los Angeles, with the Sierra, impassable except by trail, standing by. The mountains rise abruptly to some 13,000 feet just west of town, and Bishop is headquarters for a score of pack outfits that take tourists on horse and pack-mule trains over the trails.

Unbelievable as it seems in the light of their reputation, mules are the pampered aristocrats of the buckcountry. About 1,000 glossy, well-fed mules live around Bishop, their labors limited to packing seven or eight miles a day for a few weeks in the year. The rest of their time is spent enjoying the lush pastures of the Owens River valley. Some are even trailered south to warmer pastures. Horses may accept such treatment as no more than what they deserve, but heretofore mules have been associated with hard labor, hauling coal cars in mines, towing canal boats, pulling cannons and plowing cotton fields. In the supreme example of animal hardihood they were harnessed in 20-mule teams that dragged wagons loaded with borax (total weight, 73,200 pounds) across Death Valley just south of Bishop. Until 1875 more freight was hauled by American mules than was carried by all U.S. railways.

Since man began breeding horses with donkeys to get a durable work animal, nobody seems to have expected mules to be anything else until the present enthusiasm for mule shows started. A mule show is a hybrid sort of event. "We took some things from horse shows and some from rodeo," says Dave MacRoberts, a McGee Creek packer who was one of the founders of Bishop's Mule Days. "Pole bending, barrel races and pleasure mule riding are like horse-show events. Steer stopping came from calf roping in rodeo. The mile run is like any horse race. But the packing scramble we developed ourselves."

As a result of all this, a mule show differs from a horse show in the way a mule differs from a horse. In the hide race in

Bishop's mule show, for example, the mules and their riders race some 40 yards across the arena, each dragging a large dried cowhide. On the far side, a line of accomplices is waiting—small boys, skinny teenagers, young ladies in trim riding costumes with hair newly beauty-parlored for the occasion. When the mules reach this line they wheel and run back the way they have come. The cowhides fly out at the end of their ropes. The youngsters make flying leaps to grab the ropes and, simultaneously, throw themselves flat on the cowhides like baseball players getting back to first base. While the mules sprint back to the starting line, the youngsters lie prone on the cowhides, jolting and bouncing, sending up clouds of dust. It is all over in seconds, victory going to the team of mule rider and cowhide rider with the shortest elapsed time. It is difficult to tell who has won because the event ends in a great cloud of dust.

The grand finale of Mule Days is the packing scramble, which suggests some highly organized horse show gone berserk. The scene is a simulated night camp. The packers enter the arena, each carrying packs to be loaded on his mules, and a concrete block to tie his mules to. These tie-down blocks are placed strategically to give each packer room to maneuver and to enable him to keep out of the way of his rivals' mules. The packers shake out their bedrolls and climb into their sleeping bags. All of this takes some time, but when at last everything is quiet the main gate is opened and all the mules are driven into the arena.

At Bishop there were 80 of them and they circled the arena four or five times at top speed trying to find a way out before they began to run into each other. The objective of the packing scramble is to find out which packer can first collect his mules from the herd, lead them to his packs, load everything on their backs, cinch up the load and lead his string back through the gate. The first objective of the packers, however, is merely to keep out of the way of the thundering herd. Hence the first part of the packing scramble is a magnificent mob scene, with packers piling out of their sleeping bags and running madly around the arena, looking as if they really had been aroused from a deep sleep and could not figure out what was happening. But here and there a packer managed to catch one of his mules. Then order settled with amazing rapidity, as though the mules rea-

soned. "Oh, that's what they want," and then stood by patiently while the packers cinched up the packs and led their strings off into the night.

Mules are supposed to be docile, smart, careful and surefooted, able to tell time and to measure distances, more intelligent than horses and less likely to overeat or overdrink. In the crowded events of the Mule Days, with some 300 mules participating, there was not a single ill-tempered display. Only one mule even kicked, and it was alone in the middle of the arena, standing on its front legs and kicking the empty air as though demonstrating what damage it could do if it wanted to. The principal impression that mules on display communicate is one of enjoyment, particularly if they can disrupt something while appearing to be merely following orders.

In the Diamond Hitch contest, in which the winner managed to get his pack hitched on his mule in 10.7 seconds, half a dozen of the losers were left standing by because their animals merely stepped to one side as they threw the girth under them. During the packing contest between the government packers from Sequoia National Park and those from Yosemite National Park, the team that appeared to be winning actually lost (although it had the shortest time) because one of its mules performed an awful little dance step and dislodged a large kitchen table that had been tied on its back. But there was no ill will in the gesture; the mule simply seemed unconvinced of the advantages of carrying a kitchen table around.

The mile race was won by a genial mule named Ruby, ridden by a large, robust packer named Joe Russell. He may have had an edge over the other entries. Russell had ridden Ruby to victory in a 440-yard mule race at Santa Anita in March, in what was said to be the first recorded mule race on a thoroughbred track in racing history, with 20,988 in the stands. "This here was a little easier," Russell said. "The crowd at Santa Anita bothered her."

At Bishop the crowd was more interested in Ringo, ridden by Bobby Tanner, whose father was one of the founders of Mule Days. Ringo was a crowd pleaser because of his uncontrollable desire to run, taking off four times in a row before the others were ready. As a spectator said admiringly, "You never know what a mule is going to do."

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WITH BARNES (LEFT) AND GILMORE, THE MIDWEST DIVISION WILL NO LONGER BE A PUSHOVER

Now that the red, white and blue ball has bounced off to that great playground in the sky, the only remaining question about the pro basketball merger is: Who are the beneficiaries in the last will and testament?

Well, judging from what happened last week, they are Chicago, Portland, Kansas City, Detroit and the Federal Reserve Bank. The NBA held a remnants sale, clearing out the leftover stock of string-bean centers and power forwards from the late ABA. In the process, pro teams expended one last salvo of money in amounts that had been common during the nine-season basketball war, but are unlikely to be heard of again, now that peace has been declared. In a span of about 20 minutes, 11 NBA franchises forked over \$2,832,750. No returns or exchanges. All sales were final.

The dispersal draft was held to parcel out 20 men who played for the now-defunct ABA teams in Kentucky and St. Louis. The Bulls began the buying—Chicago was awarded that privilege because it had the worst record in the NBA last season—by announcing that they considered it “an honor” to pay \$1.1 million for Artis Gilmore, the 7’2” center, late of the Colonels, who several weeks ago was rumored to be suffering from a heart ailment. That piece of misinformation must have caused severe chest pains for Chicago fans, who ever since the draft

was announced in June have been having glorious visions of the stouthearted big man pulling in rebounds and slapping away opponents’ shots.

In Gilmore, the Bulls acquired the rarest sort of player, a pivotman good enough to turn a team around all by himself. Last season he had 24.6 points, an ABA-leading 15.5 rebounds and 2.4 blocked shots per game. But Chicago was by no means the only club that significantly strengthened itself. Portland traded Guard Geoff Petrie and reserve Center-Forward Steve Hawes to Atlanta for the second choice in the draft, then used it to select 6’9” Maurice Lucas. The Trail Blazers also had the fifth pick and snapped up 6’10” Moses Malone. Kansas City got rugged Guard Ron Boone, one of the ABA’s least-known good players, and Detroit added former Spirit of St. Louis Marvin Barnes, thereby shattering the Knicks’ hopes.

Agony New York has fallen on lean times lately with two consecutive losing seasons. To compound matters, the Knicks did not have a first-round pick in

the recent college draft. Commissioner Larry O’Brien having taken it away as a penalty for their improper signing of George McGinnis a year ago. In the dispersal draft, New York was hoping to wind up with the 6’9” Barnes, a 24.1-points-per-game scorer who carried a \$500,000 price tag, a whopping contract and an unsavory reputation that dates to his college days at Providence, when he hit a teammate on the head with a tire iron. Said one general manager, “Frankly, a lot of teams don’t want to take a chance on Barnes. He’s got great ability, but that’s a lot of money to spend for someone you can’t be sure about. New York has the money, and it needs to make a big splash.”

The Knicks’ hopes for getting Barnes were tied to underfunded Atlanta’s willingness to trade its pick. But the Hawks preferred Portland’s offer, and New York’s big splash became a swan dive. By the time the Knicks made the sixth pick, all they could come up with was 6’10” Randy Demin, a journeyman center who is not likely to start in the NBA.

continued

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PRO BASKETBALL continued

In fact, he could well end up as New York's No. 3 pivotman.

Excluding the Knicks, the upcoming season could be one in which last year's losers become winners. Because of the impending merger, a large number of underclassmen applied for hardship status this spring, and that increased the pool of talent in the college draft. Then there was the added bonus of last week's selections. "If there was ever a right time to have a bad season, we picked it," says Kansas City General Manager Joe Axelson. "We got Richard Washington of UCLA in the college draft, and now Boone. We're a lot better off."

The major surprise last week was Portland. The Trail Blazers currently have nine big men on their roster, including Bill Walton, Sidney Wicks, Lloyd Neal, rookie Wally Walker, Lucas and Malone. However, Wicks is unsigned and would love to play in Los Angeles, and there are already rumors that Malone will go to New York for Walt Frazier or cash. "We're open for a deal," says Executive Vice-President Harry Gluckman. "We'd be idiots if we weren't. We'd like to clean it up in the next couple of weeks."

With the addition of Gilmore, a five-year ABA All-Star, and unsigned rookie Scott May, the Bulls figure to recover from last season's 24-58 record. Gilmore's deliberate style dovetails with the Bulls' pattern offense, and he will repair a defense that leaked layups. He is also consistent, having scored fewer than 20 points in only 21 of Kentucky's 94 games last season.

"We'll be right back in the race," says Norm Van Lier, the Bulls' feisty floor leader, who is so excited about the arrival of Gilmore that he had some advice for the Bulls' front office in its search for a coach to replace Dick Motta. "I told them to hire me."

The consensus in the NBA is that Gilmore is not only with a team perfectly suited to his talents, but also in the conference where his abilities will pay off most handsomely. In the Eastern Conference, many of the centers—notably Dave Cowens of Boston and Bob McAdoo of Buffalo—play like oversized forwards; the true centers, such as Los Angeles' Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Seattle's Tom Burleson, Detroit's Bob Lanier and Walton, are in the West. And now so is Gilmore. He will be picking on someone his own size, rather than chasing after the giants.

The Midwest Division was the worst in the NBA last season, with Chicago, Kansas City and Detroit all performing dimly. Now they should be much tougher, and the Midwest (which adds both Denver and Indiana from the ABA) should again have the sort of bruising race that was a division tradition until a year ago.

Piston Coach Herb Brown is not that familiar with pro personnel, having joined Detroit only last season, so he spent the past few weeks checking out Barnes. Brown is convinced that Barnes is a bad actor—but only because he becomes downcast when his team is not successful. "From the reports I get, he really wants to win," says Brown. "He's a heck of a competitor. He was the guy we wanted all along, but I was really afraid that we weren't going to get a shot at him."

In St. Louis Barnes commuted a number of minor transgressions, but he attracted special notoriety when he quit the team early in the 1974-75 season. He then returned to lead the Spirits to an upset victory over the New York Nets in the playoffs. "That convinces me that he is a great player," says Brown.

Barnes will play forward in Detroit, where Center Bob Lanier is as well established as General Motors is. And this season Lanier will get some unaccustomed rest as a result of the Pistons' selection of Alabama's 6'9" Leon Douglas in the college draft. Together, Lanier, Douglas and Barnes probably can benchpress the Midwest Division.

Of the 20 players available in the dispersal draft, eight did not get picked. Most prominent among them was Steve Green, a good-shooting rookie forward with Utah and St. Louis last season. Green carried a \$100,000 price tag, and the NBA teams apparently considered him to be no bargain. Green and the others who were not selected are now free agents.

This was the second dispersal draft in NBA history. In 1950 the Chicago franchise folded, and the names of its best players, Max Zaslofsky, Andy Phillip and Bob Cousy, were put into a hat. The Celtics plucked out Cousy, which turned out to be a bit of sleight-of-hand worthy of the selectee himself. That was the first step in building the Boston dynasty, a fact not lost on the teams that last week were hoping the death of the ABA would allow them to come alive.

END

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Game

In the first of a three-part pilgrimage, the author of "The Boys of Summer" finds baseball retains all its charm, whether played in suburbia, in the Ozarks or at Chavez Ravine. It fails only when its overseers fail it

by Roger Kahn



CONTINUED

Vandals had set fire to the grass. No one knew how they had gotten wet spring grass to burn or why anyone wanted to fire a soft suburban meadow, but there the bull field lay, grumpy with ash on the 11th day of spring.

"It's all right," the boy said. "We can play anyway."

I was wearing red sneakers, a gift Lou Brock had offered along with a lecture on quickness and traction and stealing bases. Brock's autograph is stitched near the instep, and someone, noticing the name as I loped through a softball game, once said, "Them sneakers have never moved so slow." Still they are my present from a superb big-leaguer, and so a kind of totem. I didn't want them dirtied with black ash.

"We'll get messed up," I said. "We can try again next weekend."

"We don't have vacation next weekend. Come on. Just pitch a few," he said. Then, seductively, "After that, I'll pitch, and you can hit."

His name is Roger, and he has a sturdy 12-year-old body and a passionate excitement at being alive. "I'm studying the Renaissance," he announced recently as I was preparing papers for a tax audit.

"Good," I said. "The Renaissance. . . Who was Michelangelo?"

"Wain," Roger cried. "Don't give me the answer. I know. Michelangelo put statues in the gardens of the Medici."

So, though we don't live together anymore, we can talk about the Renaissance. And we can play ball.

He hits left-handed. We started working on that nine years ago, and now as he took an open stance, he chattered directions. "Don't throw too hard. I haven't started working out yet. Don't throw curves. Let me get my swing grooved. O.K. Come on."

I began to throw high pitches at medium speed. Roger lunged. Four years with the Little League in Ridgefield, Conn. Four seasons under coaches who work for I.B.M. or sell insurance or pilot 727s, and nobody has taught him—or been able to teach him—that a good hater does not lunge.

"Keep your head still," I said.

The boy's mouth tightened. He had not come to learn. He wanted to show me how far he could hit my pitching, swinging his own metal bat in his own way.

Very well, young man. I thought. Today in the April cold, you'll get a lesson whether you want it or not. Subject: He who lunges never hits. 300.

I threw hard with an easy motion. Roger swung late. I threw easily with a big motion. He swung early. I tried to jam him, but the ball drifted inside toward his knees. Roger made a graceful arching leap. The ball skidded to the backstop. He lay face down, shaking on the earth.

I rolled over to him. "Sorry. Sorry. You all right?"

He rolled over in the ash, blackening his jacket. He was shaking with defiant young laughter. "You couldn't hurt me," he said.

We grinned, and at once the lesson was done. He had earned the right to pitches he could hit. Roger began scattering line drives. Roger looped a fly to center. There was no time to retrieve the ball but me. He bounced sharply through the middle. Another chore for an aging, chilly right-hander. He lashed a high inside pitch clear to a ditch at the border of right field.

"Now we'll just play pepper," I said when I returned with the ball.

He insisted on borrowing my bat. Thirty-two ounces. A fat-barreled Ron Santo model. Either Roger did not know the rules of pepper, or he did not know how strong he has become. We stood 30 feet apart. I made a pepper toss. Roger whipped the big bat. The blackened baseball hurtled in my

nose. I threw a glove up, deflected the ball and stumbled. Sitting on the charred grass, I remembered a transcendent reality of baseball. The ball is hard. It is something to fear. Forty years ago I learned that from my father in Brooklyn fields that have vanished under high-rises. Seventy years ago he learned that from his father on fields that have disappeared under slums. And now my son, in careless, innocent excitement, has reinforced a family lesson as old as the century.

Roger came toward me slowly. The



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNIE FUCHS

Ron Santo model seemed almost as big as he. His face was white. "Dad, I didn't mean to hit a liner at your face."

Getting up, glad to still have my nose, I fall back on an old Wayne-Bogart gambit: "Gosh, kid, I didn't know you cared."

"Sure I care," Roger said, and he put an arm around my waist. We started hiking to a distant house where splits of maple crackled in a fireplace. There we could sit before the fire and talk baseball.

What would I tell him? Of Stan Musial, most gentle of athletes, whose swing was like a viper's lash. Or of the day when Early Wynn brushed back Mickey Mantle, who bounced up and hit a single. Wynn was so furious that before he threw another pitch, he went into a careful pick-off move. Then he hit Mantle with his throw, knocking him to the ground alongside first base. "That S.O.B. is so mean he'd like to knock you down in the dugout," Mantle complained.

Or about Victor Peñol Power of Arecibo, Puerto Rico, whom the Yankees traded in 1954 for announced reasons that are not worth remembering. The real reasons were that Power was black and Latin and reputedly liked the company of white women. When I saw Power in the hilly Puerto Rican town of Caguas several weeks ago, he demonstrated that the Yankees had been correct. He liked white women well enough to have married a compact, smoldering blonde whose name is Ada. But in between, while the Yankees employed Joe Pepitone, erratic, libertine—but white—at first, Power, a solid .285 hitter, was indisputably the best felder at that position in the American League. Seven times he won the Gold Glove.

Or would I merely tell him about my father, a teacher and an editor, who hit a baseball hard. Two months before his heart stopped, he was lining high drives to center on Monhegan Island off the coast of Maine. He was 52 and I was 24, but I could not hit a ball as far as he. No power. He had hoped I would grow taller and stand someday beside Jake Daubert and Zack Wheat, the heroes of his own sandlot days. Then he was dead, and the people who admired his eidetic memory and his understanding of the Renaissance told me how fine it must have been to grow up at his side and to talk seriously with him about serious things, such as the gardens of the Medici. I don't believe we ever did. We talked seriously (and joyously) about baseball. That was a serious thing, and that was enough.

You learn to leave some mysteries alone. At 28 I was sus-



ceptible to suggestions that I explain—not describe but explain—baseball in America. I published in small quarterlies. I addressed a Columbia seminar, and I developed a showy proficiency at responding to editors who asked me to "equate the game in terms of Americana."

Such phrases now bang against my brain like toothaches. I never look at the old poems anymore, but I remember some generalizations I drew:

Baseball is not played against a clock. (But neither is tennis, golf or four-handed gin rummy.)

Baseball rules have barely changed across generations. (Neither have the rules of water polo.)

The ball field is a mystic creation, the Stonehenge of America. That is, the bases are a magic 90 feet apart. Think how often a batter is thrown out by half a step, compared to instances when he outruns a hit to shortstop. But artificial surfaces have lately changed the nature, if not the dimensions, of the diamond. A ground ball at Riverfront Stadium moves much faster than the same grounder bouncing on the honest grass of Wrigley Field. Yet at last look, baseball in Cincinnati seemed to be surviving. Batters there are also thrown out by half a step.

Suppose the bases had been set 80 or 86 feet apart. The fielders simply would have positioned themselves differently, and a ground ball to short would still be a ground ball to short. 6-3 in everybody's scorebook.

I do believe this: baseball's inherent rhythm, minutes and minutes of passivity erupting into seconds of frenzied ac-

continued

tion, matches an attribute of the American character. But no existential proclamation, or any tortured neo-Freudianism, or any outburst of popular sociology, not even—or least of all—my own, explains baseball's lock on the American heart.

You learn to let some mysteries alone, and when you do, you find they sing themselves.

A TOWN WHERE SOMEONE DRIVES A KAISER

Alongside the two-lane blacktop that crosses northeast Oklahoma, the land rolls bare and poor. Outside of villages called Broken Arrow and Chouteau lie shacks and rusty house trailers where survivors of the Cherokee Nation live in poverty. This is not farming country. It is hard, red, intractable soil that we have abandoned to the Indians.

Then, as the road crosses into Arkansas and into the village of Siloam Springs, a wonder of pastureland abruptly appears. Siloam Springs is Wally Moon's domain. Wallace Wade Moon, late of the St. Louis Cardinals and the Los Angeles Dodgers. Now head baseball coach at John Brown University. Enrollment: 550. Team batting average: .362.

On the telephone Moon said he had a few more minutes of desk work to do before he could meet me. Waiting for him, I asked the lady behind the front desk of the East Gate Motel to explain the relative prosperity of Benton County, Ark.

"It's a little embarrassing," she said. Behind her spectacles, her eyes were pale and pleasant.

"How so?"

"Chicken droppings," the lady said. "I guess that's the best way to put it." Then she explained. Northwest Arkansas had been as poor as northeast Oklahoma until after World War II, when some men decided to try chicken farming in the Ozark foothills. "That went pretty good, you might say," the lady continued. "but it sure left a lot of chicken droppings. They smelled. So the farmers spread the stuff across the fields and hills, and after a few years the soil got a darn sight richer. Real good grass grew. After that, some other people brought in cattle, and the cattle grazed good and times got even better. Not that we don't have some poor, but Benton County's doing fine right now."

"Truth is"—the lady's eyes darted to make sure we were alone—"the economy here is built on chicken. . . ."

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

Moon had talked rather less of chickens and more of a high sky and gentle streams when we had shared dinner after an oldtimers' game the year before. Moon, outfielder and batsman, played 12 major league seasons during the 1950s and '60s. He wore his hair short and his thick black eyebrows met, and he had the look of a Confederate cavalry captain. But he was a decent, tolerant man, with a master's degree from Texas A&M, wholly dedicated to squeezing a base hit out of each turn at bat.

The Cardinals called him up in 1954, just as they were selling Enos Slaughter, a portly, combative legend, to the Yankees.

Two days before Moon broke in, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* published a front-page picture of Slaughter weeping with grief into a large white handkerchief.

Moon came from Arkansas delta country, and the first time he saw a major league game, he was playing in it. The fans in St. Louis were, at best, belligerently neutral. They loved the legend Moon had been hired to replace. In his first time at bat in his first major league game, Moon pulled a home run over the right-field pavilion of old Busch Stadium and into Grand Boulevard. That year Slaughter batted .248 for New York. Moon hit .304 and became Rookie of the Year.

Five years later with the Dodgers, he perfected his opposite-field stroke. The Dodgers played in the Los Angeles Coliseum then, and the left-field screen, the players said, was only a medium spit away from home. Moon hit 19 home runs, most of them to left, tied for the league lead with 11 triples and hit 26 doubles, and a Dodger team of shreds and patches established itself in Los Angeles by winning the World Series from the White Sox.

When Moon's skills eroded, he and his wife Bettye debated city and country life. They had five children, and he could earn more money in a city. But Wally remembered the good days with his father Bert, hunting and hiking through the woods of Benton County. There was an offer to try Benton County again as head coach at John Brown, a small Christian Evangelical school.

The Moons live in a rambling ranch set on 200 acres three miles east of Siloam, a town with an artists' colony, no daily newspaper, a little light industry and springs that

continued



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were once thought to possess medicinal properties. A giant red oak towers over Moon's house, and inside there is a cheerful babble of children. Wally Joe, husky and 23, writes free-form poetry and studies toward a master's degree in physical education. The four daughters, ages 12 to 20, are bright, mannerly, attractive. Their interests range from baton twirling to Clementi piano sonatas. Moon said grace, and we dined sumptuously on Arkansas grass-fed beef. Then, in the old-fashioned way, the ladies went about their chores, while Moon and I retired to a sun-room crowded with pictures and trophies. On one wall Moon glowers from an old **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** cover that has a caption announcing: **THE SPIRIT OF THE GASHOUSE GANG.**

"Actually, the spunkiest guys of all were those 1959 Dodgers," Moon said. "Not the best. Some of the old Brooklyn Dodgers on the way down. Fellows like Koufax and Drysdale on the way up. But I never played on a club that wanted to

win more." He had admired Walt Alston, Moon said, and he had roomed with Koufax and told Sandy that he was tipping his pitches. But those were old times, and Wally had a new story to tell.

"Do I look tired?" he said.

"You sound subdued."

"We had a tournament doubleheader across the mountains in Pine Bluff yesterday. We had to win both games, and we won them big, 13-4 and 24-8. When we finished, it was 8:20 and only one restaurant in town was open. Only one waitress was working there. By the time we all got fed, it was past 11. There's no team bus. We have no budget for that. We travel in station wagons and cars. I was driving the lead car, and coming back across the Ozarks, we hit fog. I got home, still in uniform, at 5 a.m."

The John Brown Golden Eagles have names like Chuck Gardner, Dale Hatcher, Dave Stockstill. They come from towns like Texarkana, Texas, Paducah, Ky. and Hurley, Mo. To a man, they

played Little League ball and enjoyed it. To a man, they ache to play in the major leagues. "I'm not looking for a bonus," one of Moon's best players said. "If I had the money, I'd pay them to sign me."

Most of the players are on scholarship. They address Moon as "Coach," often in the deferential way a man in pain says "Doctor." Coach Moon imposes rules. No beanballs. Bench-jockeying is permitted, but within limits. Moon is a devout Methodist, and none of his players "may blaspheme the name of the Lord."

"As a coach, my strongest point is batting," Moon said. "I teach them to hold their heads still and keep their bats back. Strike zone? They're not ready for that yet, and I don't believe in teaching too many things at once. Just develop a quick, compact swing. If I have a weak point, or a point where I lack confidence, that would be pitching." He looked across a darkening field.

"You're still learning baseball, aren't you?"

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"I'm still learning, and I'm 46. Man, this is a difficult sport to learn."

The next afternoon John Brown played a twilight game against the University of Tulsa, which has a student body of 6,000. The Siloam Springs ball park has been leveled in a glade, and as game time approached and the Franklin Electric plant and the Ace Plastics factory closed, pickup trucks and motorcycles and Chevrolets and Fords filled the lot behind center field. There is no admission charge to watch the Eagles. Minor league ball is gone forever from Siloam Springs. John Brown University is the town team.

The Eagles use aluminum bats, which Moon says saves \$300 a year. They take batting practice without a cage. There is no budget for a batting cage either. The infield is dirt, not grass. "What's the name of this ball park?" I asked Moon.

"It has no name. We call it 'the field.'"

The fans sat in wooden bleachers and on grassy banks. "A kind of Greek theater," Bettye Moon says. Two major league scouts sat among the crowd. Both Fred Hawn of the Cardinals and Milt Bolling of the Boston Red Sox had come to see Moon's shortstop, Chuck Gardner, a junior who was hitting .443.

The Eagles warmed up smartly with quick infield play. The outfielders, particularly Randy Rouse, showed strong young arms. Moon started Ron Rhodes, a junior lefthander who had won eight straight games, and his team jumped ahead when Gardner doubled home one run in the first inning and two more in the second. But Tulsa came back when Bruce Humphrey slammed a 380-foot home run over the cyclone fence in center field, and Tulsa kept coming.

These teams were good. Unlike college teams in the northern tier of states, they start working outdoors in February. Each club had already played 40 games. But they are collegians, and collegians make mistakes. By the last inning, Tulsa had drawn ahead, 6-5. Gardner led off with a single, a murderous drive that hustled past the pitcher's left ear. A sacrifice moved him to second. He was the tying run. Then Rouse grounded to shortstop, and Gardner tried to go to third.

That never works. The rule is as old as baseball. A runner cannot advance from second to third on a ball hit to the left side of the infield. Gardner was out by 10 feet, and when Dave Stockstill blinked at a fastball, knee high on the

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outside corner, the Golden Eagles had been beaten.

Moon's lips were pressed together. He does not like to lose. "You can never advance on that play, Wally," I said.

He shook his head and spat, then looked less fierce. "But the kid wanted to score so damn bad."

Lightning interrupted the next day's workout, and a siren wailed steadily in downtown Siloam Springs. "That's a tornado alert," Moon said. "Don't worry till it warbles. A warbling siren means a funnel's been sighted." We repaired to the Quonset hut that is Moon's clubhouse, and he began to tell his 24 players about the previous day's game.

He had spoken privately with Gardner, and now he had more general things to talk about. "My analysis is that we got beat because they wanted to win more than we did," he said. "It wasn't a tournament game for us. We had a hard trip the other day. But that doesn't make any difference. No matter how you feel, when you walk through that gate and onto the field, you've got to kick yourself in the butt. Here or in the majors. I can tell you from personal experience that across a major league season your butt ends up pretty sore. But you've got to do it."

"Now, Ron," he said to Rhodes, "you remember when first base was open and I went out to the mound and told you to pitch around the hitter?"

Rhodes nodded gravely.

"In the majors I would have told you to deliberately walk him. That was the play. But we're here to learn, and I want you to learn what I mean by pitching around a hitter."

"In that situation, with a runner in scoring position, the hitter is eager. Start him with a fastball all the way in on his belly. He's so eager he may swing, but he's not going to hurt you off a pitch like that. Then when you curve him, get it in the dirt. Not just low. In the dirt. He's still eager. If he walks, you aren't hurt, and if he swings at a bouncing curve, you aren't hurt either. But you gave him a pitch he could hit, and he hit it and it scored a run, and that's what we lost by. One run."

"For you hitters, look at that situation in reverse. Control your eagerness. That's a mental discipline. There's a lot of mental discipline in the game. But you've got nothing to be ashamed of. Tul-

sa is a good club. They wanted the game more than you did, and they got it."

Rain beat fiercely on the iron roof. "Do you have any questions?" Moon asked me.

"I'd like to ask how many of you gentlemen hope to play in the major leagues?" The boys, 18 to 21 years old, looked at one another. Then slowly, shyly, all 24 of the Golden Eagles raised their hands.

"How many have a chance?" I asked Moon after the players had left.

"Probably none," Moon said. "The shortstop is good, but he's 21 years old. I've seen another college shortstop just about as good and he's 18. A big three years. Then you figure beyond all the college shortstops, there are all the boys already in the minors playing 140 games a year, kids from all over the country and Latin America, and you realize what the odds are against Chuck Gardner. He'll play minor league ball. So will a few of the others. But most of them will go on from here to teach and coach. I want them to enjoy the game, but I want them to learn technique and conduct and discipline as well." Moon stood up. "Maybe they can pass on what I give them to others."

We went to a Rotary meeting then. We stood to pledge allegiance, and we sang America the Beautiful under the fervid conducting of a doctor named John Moose. I remembered morning chapels in my grade school and how every afternoon we played baseball on a gravelly field and how we sometimes admitted that our dream was to play baseball in the majors. (None of us did.)

For all the fresh, clean-shaven faces of Moon's Golden Eagles, the trip to Siloam Springs was like a voyage into the past. Leaving town I saw a sign that read:

GUITAR LESSONS

PIANO TUNING

GOSPEL PIANO

Then I passed someone driving a yellow Kaiser car. I believe they stopped making Kaisers in 1955.

THE FRANCHISE BUSINESS

The man who owns the Dodgers did not like *The Boys of Summer*, a book I wrote celebrating baseball, life, the courage to be new—and certain men who spent a decade winning pennants for the Brooklyn Dodgers. A Los Angeles morning had broken summery and dense, light smog hovering under a yellow sky, after a night

when the Dodgers defeated the Cincinnati Reds 5-0. Walter Francis O'Malley, a compelling 73-year-old paterfamilias who mixes Quaker parsimony, pagan ferocity and Irish-Catholic charm, looked up darkly from shelves of correspondence. He did not say "Hello." He did not say "How are you?" Instead he growled in a Tammany bass. "This time are you going to write something positive?"

At such moments, I long to utter an infinite resort, at once deflating the critic and placing my published work beyond criticism lower than Ruskin's. But I am not any good at that. I am good at making plodding responses and later grating angry.

"It sold some copies," I said.

O'Malley waved his cigar as though it were a scepter. "Several stories involving Fresco Thompson and Buzzie Bavasi were unfortunate," he said. "They were so unfortunate that I asked my son Peter what in the world has gotten into our Brooklyn friend."

Ah, but we argued long ago in Brooklyn, too. O'Malley is a consistent man, and he has consistently believed that the first function of the sporting press is to sell tickets to Dodger games. I looked out a window. Dodger Stadium, loveliest of ball parks, had been swept and scrubbed clean of the litter and gum deposited by 52,469 customers the night before.

"What a pleasant office you have," I said.

"Not so pleasant," O'Malley said. "Outside my window there's a ground-keeper standing in center field with a hose, and I wonder, if he's going to use a hose, why the hell did I put \$600,000 into an underground sprinkler system."

"Why does he use a hose?"

"Because we brought him out from Brooklyn, and he used a hose there," the owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers announced impatiently.

O'Malley and I go back four decades, not only to a single borough, but to a single neighborhood and a single private school. "You know," O'Malley said, mingling sentiment and blarney, "I take pride in being the man who handed you a diploma when you graduated from Froebel Academy. You certainly looked at things more positively then."

Like Joseph Kennedy or F.D.R., O'Malley is an indefatigable one-upman. Like them he is a master of his trade. That trade is major league baseball.

"You want to know about our success out here," O'Malley said. "First, we're not a syndicate. The Dodgers are a family corporation. Second, we don't have absentee ownership. Third, the chairman of the board, with whom you're sitting and who isn't getting any younger, comes to work at 8:30 on the morning after a night game. When the board chairman shows up that early, the rest of the staff tends to do the same."

O'Malley approaches me with suspicion because I write, as I approach him carefully because he criticizes. Still, Fred Claire, the Dodger vice-president for public relations, set up a schedule of interviews that taxed my ability to assimilate and caused one cassette recorder to expire.

Al Campanis, the vice-president of player personnel, opened a drawer and showed me his private treasury. Fourteen transcriptions of Branch Rickey on baseball. No one studied baseball more passionately than Rickey, and every Dodger employee now hears, directly or indirectly, from the source.

"We wouldn't want this stuff to get around," Campanis said. Then, with a Byzantine flourish, he showed me some extractions.

"Thou shalt not steal," Rickey said. "I mean defensively. On offense, indeed thou shalt steal and thou must."

Amid such platitudes lies baseball gold. According to Rickey, the change of pace is a magnificent pitch. Instruct young pitchers in the art of changing speeds. But first let them master the fast-ball and control. Teach changing speeds in Double A or Triple A. On tape Rickey suggests that they will have gained confidence and sophistication at that level. Look for ballplayers who run and hit with power. Neither speed nor distance hitting can be taught. Consider the present and, simultaneously, plan for the future. Luck is the residue of design. Once Rickey assembled his staff and cried out in the voice of Job, "I stand on a cliff. On the edge of an abyss. I lose my footing. I stumble toward the yawning gates of hell. One man can save me. Only one. I ask each of you, who is that man?" This meant the Dodger bullpen was uncertain and Rickey wanted a consensus on the best minor league reliever to call up. His name was Phil Hougstad. He won none and lost one.

In the dugout Walter Alston reviewed

his 22 years of Dodger managing. "We've had three eras out West," he said. "Carl Furillo, Duke Snider and the rest were past their prime when they got to Los Angeles. Wally Moon helped the club. Next, there was a fast team. It had fine pitching with Sandy Koufax, whose perfectionism I admire. Now this good team—Steve Garvey, Ron Cey and Davey Lopes. How long will I keep managing? It's always been a one-year contract. I wouldn't stay anywhere where I wasn't wanted. I can teach school, you know. Used to do that in Ohio. But I'll make my decision next October. I make it every October. Meanwhile, I have a delightful job."

Dixie Walker, the batting coach, instructed Steve Yeager, a good young catcher, with side comments to a relief pitcher and me. As a batting-practice pitcher threw, Walker chattered caressingly: "Think opposite field, Steve. Think other way. They're going to give you outside sliders, Steve. No one can pull them. Don't worry about the other, the inside stuff. Your hands are so quick, you'll pull everything there, the way Babe Ruth did. I played with Ruth."

Yeager popped three outside fastballs to right. Walker winced. Then he said, "I can't push him more. Ballplayers have changed. On the old Tigers, nobody told you anything. Only Charlie Gehringer—he wasn't a coach but a player—said I should go the other way."

"You think this guy is working?" the pitcher said.

"I think so," Walker said. "But if I push him too hard—it's this new generation—he'll work against me. Against you."

Tom Lasorda, the third-base coach, discoursed on imposing team spirit. "You know, there are guys like Bill Russell, our shortstop, who will get down on their knees at parties and say, 'I'm a Dodger. I love the Dodgers.'" Lasorda gazed into a glass of soda water. "I love the Dodgers. Cut my own veins, I'll bleed Dodger blue."

Steve Garvey, the first baseman, offered his theory on California crowds. "Friday night they're mad. They've worked a long hard week. Make some errors early on a Friday night and the people at Dodger Stadium cravify you. Saturday is date night. Medium. Sunday is easy. You can play real bad, but the fathers are out here with their sons. No-

body boos." Garvey touched his chin. "Monday and Tuesday nights you get the people who know baseball."

Dusty Baker, an outfielder fairly fresh from Atlanta, discussed a difference between the Dodgers and the Braves. "In Atlanta, you hoped to win. Out here, it's expected."

I had come to Los Angeles to consider the Dodgers for three days. I stayed for five. On each of the first two nights they drew over 50,000 as they split a series with the Reds. Then the Braves flew in. Andy Messersmith had not begun to win, and the Braves were playing the dreariest baseball extant. Still, Dodger crowds hovered around 30,000. Friday night brought the Houston Astros and Cap Night. Buy a ticket and you get a baseball cap worth about \$1 for free. Once again attendance soared over 50,000.

The Dodgers are contenders, as they have been through most of Alston's three generations of Los Angeles teams. They run well, play tight defense, gamble, hit to right, but it would be stretching things to claim that they look as strong as the Reds. Quite simply, the Dodgers, a good team, are this, the most valuable franchise in baseball.

The Dodgers win games. They make money. They are a rousing team to watch, and that all leads back to the 73-year-old man sitting in a glass-walled office and glowering at a distant figure costing him money behind a hose.

I don't think the Brooklyn Dodgers, a glorious and profitable franchise, should have been moved 18 seasons ago. A strong commissioner would have vetoed the transmigration as contrary to the best interests of baseball. The West then could have opened logically, with nascent franchises wringing toward victory in San Francisco and L.A. I don't blame O'Malley, a graduate of Culver Military Academy and the University of Pennsylvania and once a hustling lawyer, for trying to move above the American middle class. Ford Frick, the commissioner in 1957, was all elocution and putty. Frick is a pleasant, pensioned fellow who these days likes to discuss the sport of curling. Sweep, sweep, Ford Frick. Walter O'Malley, comming, serious baseball man, one word is owed to you and your Los Angeles success. Congratulations.

"We have been fortunate, obviously so," O'Malley said. "We hoped we knew

continued

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Grand Old Game

continued

what fans wanted in a stadium. Good parking. We could still have done more there. Reasonable prices. We held the line, not increasing prices at all for 18 seasons. Last year because of the free agency potential and this endless inflation, our top seat went from \$3.50 to \$4.50. We try to keep within the image of baseball as a daily event, so a fellow can afford to bring his wife or kids or grandparents. Our demographic image is the best in sport. I see them coming in with canes, walking sticks and wheelchairs, and I see the middle generation, and I see the kids. Everybody's getting a reasonably priced evening's entertainment. The kids mean that we're building future fans.

"We've stayed in contention. That's all anyone can do. Injuries. We had a lot of injuries in 1975. Suppose the Reds lost Bench and Morgan? We stay in contention, and we're the only team that ever did—or ever will—fly the World Series flag on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts."

He looks very much as he did 20 years ago. Round face, round spectacles. Dark hair. The same incredible alternation in expression between patriarch and trial lawyer.

"If they had built you a ball park in Brooklyn, would you have stayed?"

"I've got to correct you there. You're falling into the same trap the others have. A boy from Froebel Academy should know better than that." The cigar waves. O'Malley shakes his head.

"I never asked them to build me a new park in Brooklyn. I said we would build it on taxable land with our own money. We had a site at Atlantic and Flatbush Avenues where the subways intersected. There's no place back there big enough for many parking lots, so my thought was that you'd dock your car in any subway station and come to the ball park for 15¢."

"Now there was a thing in New York. Bobby Wagner was the mayor. A nice man, not very strong. I knew his father, the Senator. Robert Moses was the real power in New York."

"We had a site, and a sports authority was set up to condemn the land we needed, but Moses blocked us. He had a site of his own bounded on one side by water, on another by a cemetery, on a third by a slum and on the fourth by a parkway, which meant that everyone going to our games was going to have to pay out to the toll booths on the parkway

that Moses had built. I couldn't see us drawing many people from the water or the cemetery. We had to come out here. We had ambitious plans for Brooklyn. We were toying with a domed stadium. We were looking ahead to pay television and hoping to get some financing that way, but they wouldn't give us the land we needed to do it."

"The writers have been snowed under by a theory that this L.A. thing was a big giveaway. This park was built for about \$20 million, and it didn't cost the taxpayers a dime. If you want to consider the difference between private enterprise and socialism, look at our park here and the one the city of San Francisco built. Public monies were wasted out there in the cold and wind of Candlestick Point."

"We pay the County of Los Angeles more than a million dollars in real-estate taxes. They write we've got the oil and mineral rights to our land, and that's so much bunk, too. If someone struck oil back of second base, the oil would belong to the City of Los Angeles."

He turned and gestured toward the hills behind center field. The terrain was once arid, but now Chavez Ravine has evergreens and desert plants. "When he was working here, Buzzie Bavasi asked me why I was spending all that money landscaping when we play six nights a week and nobody can see the hills after the sun sets. I told him I was doing it for our Sunday afternoon customers. You won't believe it, but growing things are important to me."

"We took a chance. They told us Los Angeles was not a baseball town. We had a short lease on the Coliseum, then we were at the mercy of the city council. I think we won there by a single vote. Otherwise we might have been playing in the street."

"Even my son asked me why I was taking the risk of putting so much money into the ball park. I told him, 'Peter, after I'm gone—and maybe after you are, too—this ball park will remain, and it will be a monument to the O'Malleys.'"

Outside in a corridor I passed Peter O'Malley, a 6'2" graduate of the Wharton School of Finance who has run the Triple A franchise at Spokane and now is president of the Dodgers—under the chairman of the board.

"How'd it go with Dad?"

"He doesn't know how to be dull."

"Where are you coming from?"

"Houston."

Peter O'Malley shook his head. "That's scary what's happened down there. Is it true the Astro operation is \$33 million in debt?"

The Houston Astros, formerly the Houston Colt .45s, have played under six managers and four general managers since they were organized in 1962. That was the year the Mets lost 120 games for Casey Stengel.

In 1963 the Astros brought up a promising first baseman named Rusty Staub and a good-looking outfielder named Jim Wynn. They subsequently traded both. In 1964, when the Mets lost only 109, the Astros found an aggressive young catcher named Jerry Grote. He later went to New York. In 1965 the Astros started a swift young second baseman named Joe Morgan and had a pitcher with a forkball named Dave Giusti. Giusti has since become a star at Pittsburgh, and last year Morgan won the Most Valuable Player award. He was playing for the Reds. The Astros have traded Cesar Geronimo and Jack Billingham to Cincinnati, John Mayberry to Kansas City and Mike Cuellar to Baltimore, where he won the Cy Young Award.

Beyond such oafish deals lies an eerie death book. Jay Dahl, a Houston pitching prospect of great promise, died in an auto wreck 11 years ago. Jim Umbricht, another pitcher, died of cancer at the age of 33. Twenty-nine-year-old Don Wilson, who had pitched two no-hitters, was found dead in a car beside his Houston home in the wretched morning hours of Jan. 5, 1975.

After this mix of error and disaster, the Astros are now bankrupt and for sale. This year the team is in the hands of the creditors.

"I'd like to own a ball club," I told Sidney Shlenker, a 39-year-old Houston entrepreneur who is the caretaker president of the team. "Thing is, my check would bounce."

Shlenker, a large, amiable man, smiled. "The way things are going around here, a bad check would be better than none at all," he said.

Last season the Astros finished 43½ games behind the Reds, drew \$58,000 people and lost money. "When you get to Houston, look up a fan called Herschel Maltz," Wally Moon suggested in Siloam Springs. "He played ball with me

at Texas A&M. A nonhitting Jewish first baseman."

At lunch, Maltz, now president of Century Papers, Inc., confirmed that he was a first baseman, nonhitting and Jewish. "But I had a good glove," he said. "Real good. Did Wally happen to mention that?" Then Maltz talked about Houston's continuing economic boom with a quiet, drawing pride.

"About the ball club," I said.

"I'm turned off," Maltz said. "I used to go to 40 games a year. I'd take customers. This year I haven't been to the Dome once. You know, I've been thinking that maybe they ought to change the rules of baseball. Give it a quicker pace, make it more lively, like football."

Make it more lively is a euphemism for win the pennant. There were no yawns last October in Boston or Cincinnati. Bringing a contender into Houston is the weighty task of Talbot Smith, an intense, precise, bespectacled man of 42 who resigned as executive vice-president of the Yankees to become general manager of the Astros last August.

"I come from New England, and I don't dislike the East or even New York City," Smith says. "We had a comfortable place out on Long Island. I certainly wouldn't have left that and the Yankees if I didn't think there was a challenge here that I could meet in the foreseeable future."

When, then, will the Astros bring a pennant race to their Dome?

Bill Vardon, the field manager, speaks: "It doesn't just depend on us. We're in the same division as the Dodgers and the Reds. How fast we can be competitive depends on what they do as well as what we do."

"We aren't trading away any more young talent," Smith says.

"Right now we're trying to get them to play hard, exciting baseball," Vardon says. "Frankly, I don't see us competitive with the Dodgers and the Reds until the latter part of next season at the earliest. But that's possible. I'm shooting for it. And we're not finishing any 43½ games out this year."

Texas was a promising land for major league baseball when the Houston franchise was organized. The state was the birthplace of men who rose to baseball's penthouse, among them Rogers Hornsby and Tris Speaker. All by itself, Texas once supported a minor league. (Well, almost.

continued

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Shreveport played in the Texas League, too.) The old Houston Buffs were a top Cardinal farm. Dizzy Dean began building his legend there.

"The Buffs were good and sometimes very funny," says Clark Nealon, a Texas newspaperman for 45 years. "They once had a rightfielder named Nick Cullop, who played beside a fine centerfielder, Hal Epps. Epps had one problem. Going for a fly he never shouted, 'I got it' or 'You take it.' He said he couldn't run and holler at the same time. One night after a rainstorm, Cullop and Epps collided under a fly. Cullop ended on top with Epps lying face down in a mud puddle. 'You can't say I got it. You can't say You take it. Now we'll see if you know how to say Help!'"

Judge Roy Hofheinz, a bulky, aggressive Texas politician, won a major league franchise for Houston with the promise of a domed stadium. Hofheinz' Astrodome, which opened in 1965, is described in a brochure, with characteristic understatement, as the Eighth Wonder of the World. Some measure of Hofheinz' business acuity came out of an early controversy involving the playing surface of the Dome. Originally, the field was sodded, and the roof was made of 4,596 translucent plastic skylights that were scientifically designed to let in enough sunlight to keep the grass growing. Unfortunately, all that translucence created a creamy backdrop against which it was nearly impossible to follow the flight of a fly ball. Hofheinz had the Lucite darkened and began negotiating with representatives from Monsanto to install artificial grass.

"We're thinking in terms of \$375,000," a man from Monsanto said.

"You must be clairvoyant," said Hofheinz. "Three hundred seventy-five thousand was exactly what I had in mind to charge you for promotion for using your product in the Dome. Take our name. Call it AstroTurf if you like." The compromise gave Hofheinz what he wanted: an AstroTurf field for free.

The Dome cost \$38 million, which Hofheinz financed largely through \$31.5 million in bonds issued by Harris County, Texas. (The current lease costs the Astros \$750,000 a year.) Then he built four hotels near the Dome, a convention center called Astroball and an amusement park called AstroWorld. The whole conglomeration was named Astrodome.

The hotels were empty too often. The amusement park lacked the sparkling Disney touch. People came from 50 states to see the Dome. They arrived as tourists and did not become baseball fans. The team kept trading its best young talent, attendance slumped, and on the fringes of Hofheinz' domain, one could begin to hear the inconstant whisperings of creditors.

Six years ago Hofheinz suffered a stroke. He now sits in a wheelchair, huge and bearded like Orson Welles, with his empire suddenly revealed as a fiscal ruin. The four hotels and the convention center have been sold. The amusement park has been leased to Six Flags Over Texas. What remains of Hofheinz' Texas dream is a ball park owned by the county, a ball club with some potential and a debt that Shlenker concedes is "more than \$30 million."

Along with empty seats, I saw good baseball at the Astrodome. The Astros played the Phillies tough in two of three games. Cesar Cedeno in center is a superb player. James Rodney Richard, the 6'8" rightlander, throws smoke. Roger Metzger, the shortstop, is fine. Greg Gross in right will get his hits. Virdon has his athletes working; they didn't beat the Phillies, but they played them, in Virdon's term, competitively.

But it is premature to assert that the Astros' luck has turned. Smith has introduced a promotion called the Foamer. On Foamer Night, a large bulb near a digital clock behind right field lights up during each even-numbered minute. Should an Astro hit a home run when the light is on, management buys free beer for every adult in the house for the rest of the evening. For a chaser one night during the Phillies series, Smith threw in an extra freebie: if Mike Cosgrove, the Astro pitcher, struck out Mike Schmidt when the light was on, there also would be free beer for everybody.

At 9:12 Cosgrove got two strikes on Schmidt. He gazed endlessly at Catcher Cliff Johnson for a sign. The 17,338 fans made a rising inchoate noise. Finally, with the light still on, Cosgrove threw an inside fastball. Schmidt missed it. The crowd made an animal roar. Suddenly, all over the Dome grown men sprinted up the aisles. The place seemed to empty in seconds as the fans scampered toward refreshment stands.

In the sixth, with the Phillies leading 2-1 and men on first and third, Cosgrove walked the Philadelphia pitcher with two out. That base on balls led to an insurance run for the Phils.

Smith assumed a look of resignation. "When it didn't make any difference, he strikes out Schmidt and costs us \$5,000 in beer. Then with the game in the balance, he walks the pitcher." Smith laughed to himself and said, "We're turning a corner, but we haven't turned it yet."

Some Houston business people claim that if Hofheinz had not been stricken, he might have rescued his empire. Interest on a \$30 million debt demands respect—or awe—and I am even less qualified than the former comptroller of New York City to comment on multimillion-dollar juggling.

But Houston's baseball disaster is something more than money. Caught in his measureless Texas dreams, Hofheinz did not pay enough attention to his franchise. Baseball is competitive on the field and baseball is competitive in the front office. And perhaps while Hofheinz mused about AstroWorld, Tom Yawkey of Boston was talking to the scout who signed Fred Lynn.

No one has accused Walter O'Malley of dreaming small, but like every successful baseball executive, he keeps his focus. The diamond and the team. The team has to win or come close.

Judged against an insurance company, a major league franchise is a small business, and a big-league franchise makes a weak base on which to build a financial empire. But looking after a franchise, with its farm teams, its scouts, its public relations and all the rest, is a full-time occupation for any executive.

The Dodgers are not for sale. "Does anybody ever try to buy them?" I asked O'Malley.

"About once a week," he said.

Peter O'Malley elaborated, "I'd say we average two serious offers every year."

Playing in the Eighth Wonder of the World, the Astros are for sale. At last report, the message from Texas was brief. No takers.

NEXT WEEK

A star who shone (*Stan the Man*), a star who didn't, some stars who might.

A man and a woman are captured in mid-air, jumping and holding hands. The man, on the left, is wearing a light blue jumpsuit with a partially unzipped front, revealing tattoos on his chest. The woman, on the right, is wearing a pink jumpsuit with a deep V-neckline. Both are smiling and looking towards each other. The background is a solid dark color.

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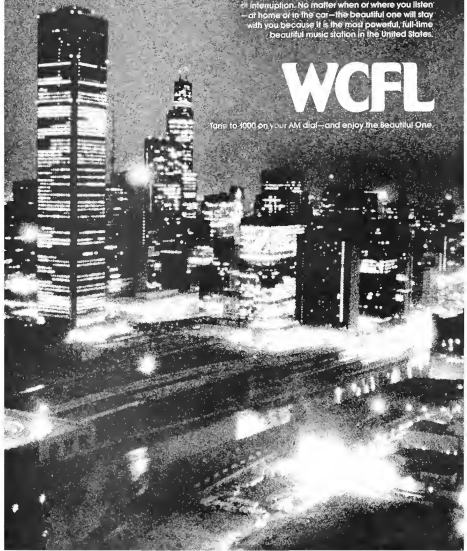


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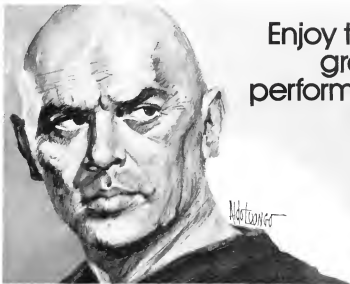
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NADIA AND COMPANY

Sir: Thank you for the coverage of the Olympics in your Aug. 2 issue. I had just returned from Montreal and was glad to find that one American magazine had maintained the Olympic spirit and mentioned all of the participants who deserved it. Nelli Kim's two perfect scores and Nikolai Andrianov's performances were as thrilling as Nadia Comaneci's. I was also glad that Frank Deford recognized the Korbut vs. Comaneci battle being waged by television and the press. But mostly I liked your positive view. That, coupled with a realistic look at the athletes—Nadia is a 14-year-old girl, Naber is a bum and Ender is a girl—gave your readers what I feel to be an honest picture of the Olympics.

SARA HOHE
Augusta, Ill.

Sir:

With worldwide attention being focused on Nadia Comaneci and millions of words in many languages being lavished on her and the other female gymnasts, Frank Deford's article Nadia Awed Ya (Aug. 2) is the ultimate summation of one sport's most memorable weeks. If ever anyone deserved a 10.0, Deford does.

ROBERT M. HALL III
Towson, Md.

Sir:

You put into words what we in our home felt while watching the TV cameras "inspect" Olga Korbut. It appeared to be no longer a competition involving physical abilities but rather a study of the emotions of a great competitor who had disappointed everyone, it would seem, by growing up. TV and the press did her an injustice, but her appreciative audience at home and in the Forum, recalling her better moments, gave her the ovation and recognition that an athlete of her stature so richly deserves.

HARRIET G. RESNICKOFF
Concord, N.H.

Sir:

Why is there now so much interest in gymnastics? Because of Olga Korbut. While Nadia Comaneci may be a perfect gymnast technically, she lacks the glow, the exuberance that Olga adds to the art. And gymnastics is an art. I would not want to look at many paintings that were technically perfect but lacked expression.

CATHE BOREN
Virginia Beach, Va.

Sir:

We all feel sorry for Olga Korbut, but Frank Deford was terribly melodramatic in his

portrayal of Olga as the "fallen hero."

KAREN CHANCE
Newark, Del.

Sir:

Thanks for giving Ludmila Turishcheva the credit that has long been due her. Those of us in gymnastics have always known that she was No. 1, "the true champion of Munich, always overshadowed and underappreciated, ever gracious . . . majestic." Very few people realize how difficult (almost impossible) it is to remain the best in the gymnastics world for years, as Turishcheva has.

Granted, Korbut and Comaneci are world-class gymnasts and now Comaneci is No. 1, but don't look for her to score 10.0s or reach gold in 1980. It takes a rare person to reach the pinnacle that Turishcheva has. I think it will be a long time before we see the likes of her again.

CAROLE J. CORSON
Baltimore

Sir:

Nice recovery, SP! After failing to put Dorothy Hamill's picture on your cover during the Winter Games, you more than made up for it with your Aug. 2 cover of Nadia.

RAYMOND STEVENS
Ambridge, Pa.

Sir:

You sure disappointed me. I expected all those other (non)sports magazines to put that little girl on the cover, and ABC to splash her all over prime time when they'd hit a big female audience—but you! Those old Greeks must be revolving in their graves. Turning handprints an Olympic sport? Phooey!

JEREMY TAYLOR
New York City

ARLEDGE'S FOLLIES

Sir:

I want to thank Frank Deford for another perceptive article on the Olympics (*High, Wide and Handsome*, Aug. 2). He reminded me of what a limited view one actually gets from one network's coverage of the Games. The sensational atmosphere and drama that ABC creates give a narrow view of the Olympics and often an unfair representation of the athletes. The network personalizes the contests to a man with extreme and crepuscular grudge matches to spice them up. What is more, it seems to cover only the glamorous events—and the glamorous athletes in those events. It's getting so that one must be a great actor as well as an outstanding athlete to appear on television. Next they will award Emmys for Olympic performances.

WES BOCKLEY
Edina, Minn.

Sir:

I feel Frank Deford took some cheap shots when he called ABC's coverage of sports most prestigious and exciting spectacle "Arledge's Follies." I think Roone Arledge did a fine job in selecting what was to be televised from the Games, both this past winter and in Montreal. The American public should thank him.

Deford writes of ABC already having a lock on the 1980 Winter Games. Bravo! Your coverage of the Olympics was superb, as I expected. But don't feel your magazine has to waste precious inches criticizing the broadcasting medium. Nobody's perfect.

AL RICHARD
Opelousas, La.

Sir:

Frank Deford makes some significant points in his criticism of Olympic television coverage. I recognize ABC as the leader in TV sports coverage, but I think the Olympics are too big, too spectacular and too infrequent to be handed over to one network. The amount of advertising throughout the telecasts was disenchanted, and the focus of the actual coverage was controversial. Events such as football (soccer), water polo and sailing went uncovered, while others were given only token footage. The bidding for TV coverage should be for each auditorium, natatorium and playing field. That way Roone Arledge may find that his accomplishments will peak in 1980 when a young gymnast on ABC faces healthy competition from a yachtsman on CBS.

THOMAS J. BURDICK
San Diego

BEYOND PRETTY FACES

Sir:

Frank Deford should have asked the opinions of some women Olympic fans rather than make generalizations implying their sports knowledge and viewing preferences are superficial. Granted, Bruce Jenner and Dorothy Hamill are charismatic and photogenic. But just to set the record straight, many women are fans of Sugar Ray Leonard, Howard Davis, Michael Spinks and the rest of the great U.S. boxing team. Many women also enthusiastically recognized the intelligence of Kornelia Ender's technique, her exuberant physical power and her spirited attitude. As for Shirley Babashoff's blasts against the East Germans' training techniques, 1) any team that practices to music is not run according to concentration-camp psychology, and 2) as can be seen from Pat Jordan's excellent article (*A Thoroughly Uplifting Experience*, Aug. 2), "undifferentiated training," i.e.,

continued

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weight lifting, does not result in "undifferentiated sexes."

I trust Deford now realizes that there are American women with a sophisticated knowledge of sports, and an interest that goes beyond the appreciation of pretty faces.

LISA W. WOODY
Charlottesville, Va.

DIVERS IN FLIGHT Sir,

The pictorial comparison of Jente Chandler and Phil Boggs on page 22 of your Aug. 2 issue was proof of the strength and beauty that diving demands. The two photographs were even more impressive when viewed upside down. The divers reminded me of graceful birds in flight.

BRICE J. BERNSTEIN
Brooklyn, Mass.

SMALL BORE BUT NOT BORING Sir,

Kenny Moore's article on the small-bore three-position Olympic rifle event (*Enough To Take His Breath Away*, Aug. 2) was most enjoyable. We never see the sport on TV, but the competition between Larry Basham and Margaret Mardock was as close and exciting as that in any of the other Olympic events. To me this uncommercialized sport, where

men and women compete equally, is what the Olympics should be all about.

HOWARD MACK
University Heights, Ohio

PREDICTIONS COME TRUE Sir,

With so many events and competitors in this year's Olympics, it would have been impossible to intelligently follow the Games were it not for Anita Verschoth's article *Who's Going to Win, Place and Show Maybe*, July 19. Her predictions were astoundingly accurate.

After excluding the medals that she had forecast for African athletes, I counted 605 medal possibilities. In 329 cases Verschoth picked the athletes who won some kind of medal in their event. Of that number, she pegged the exact medal 151 times. This means that one out of every four of her predictions was exactly correct. No bad results for any handicapper.

Verschoth's most astute prognosticating came in the men's rowing events, where she accounted for 18 of the 24 medals awarded. Her worst events were shooting and cycling, in which only about one-third of the medals were forecast. She did not accurately predict any medals in 11 events; on the other

hand, she correctly predicted the exact order of finish in 10 events.

Why doesn't SI do everyone a favor and let Verschoth pick the Kentucky Derby winner next year?

THOMAS LORD
Sparks, Md.

MEETING PLACES Sir,

We noticed that the sites for the last three Summer Olympics and the site for the next all start with the letter "M": Mexico City, Munich, Montreal and Moscow. Does this mean that the 1984 Summer Games will be held in Miami or Madrid?

TIM BRADY
TOM BRADY
Topeka, Kans.

Sir,

An odds-on favorite to host the 1984 Summer Olympics would have to be the city of Manila. But then again, by 1984 another "M" site may be in the running: Mars.

DONALD ROSE
North Palm Beach, Fla.

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Brian Hallas, a graduate student in neurobiology of Purdue University, was a "hard lens dropout" two years ago. His hard contact lenses were "scratchy" and kept popping out when he looked through the microscope. Thanks to Hilary, he tried soft lenses and was comfortable right away.



Helen Hallas, sales service manager of radio station WGCH, had worn heavy spectacles since she was ten. She asked her eye doctor for soft contact lenses after Hilary and Brian were so satisfied with theirs. She found soft lenses light and very easy to take care of. Best of all, Helen's friends tell her how much younger she looks!

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